

Robert H. Smith
London 1841

WILLIAM AND CHARLES:

OR,

THE BOLD ADVENTURERS.

V O L. I.

1578 / 3655.

CHARLES

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WILLIAM AND CHARLES:

OR,

THE BOLD ADVENTURERS.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WRITTEN IN LETTERS AND NARRATIVE.

By the AUTHOR of LORD WINWORTH, MARIA
HARCOURT, PHOEBE, &c. &c.

“The Prize belongs to none but the sincere.”

COWPER.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

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WILLIAM AND CHARLES:
OR,
THE BOLD ADVENTURERS.

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.
TO
CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

London, July 27.

DEAR CHARLES,

HERE I am at last—safe arrived
—but after a long and tedious
journey.—Fatigued as I am, however,
I take up my pen to communicate
all the particular circumstances which
have happened since our last farewell,

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B

—You

—You see, Brother Adventurer, I am still mindful of my promise, and will most faithfully adhere to our bargain; which was, that as far as that happy ten thousand (which we had the good luck to win in the lottery) will enable us—to pursue our fortune, and if one of us succeed better than the other, make an equal division of the spoils.—What a wild-goose chase!—thus to leave my father and friends and make a visit to London, where I am totally a stranger; and you to leave London, after but one year's attention to the Temple, and return to Dublin—that very place which I left, and where all your acquaintances are—merely for the sake of fulfilling a promise, which in the soft fleeting moments of Love, when “all was hush'd as Nature were retired,” you had made to some fond girl.—

girl.—Romantic indeed !—our projects seem to be more whimsical than those of *Archer* and *Aimwell*—they were united to assist each other in their fictitious characters, but we have parted merely to try our better fortune, according to our different dispositions—for I am not yet likely to change my character—being still the volatile unthinking William as before—while, on the other hand, my friend is the same sober moralizing genius which generally makes the hero of some pretty romance.—What a subject it will be for hereafter mirth, when our schemes are told ; when our friends hear, that during the one year of our separation, we had, in the course of our correspondence, made a whimsical determination that in case our ticket was a-prize, we should change places.

—I become an inhabitant of London, and you return to the *Land of Saints*!

—But, who knows?—one prize may be the fore-runner of another—Good luck is said to be (by old women) the harbinger of better.—But now that I have meditated a little on the novelty of our plan, I shall, according to agreement, give you a full account of all occurrences.

The stage coach in which I came, happened to be very full—fuller indeed than I desired—though by the number of inside passengers, which were six, one would naturally suppose we had only our competency—but I beg pardon—On my side (for I am always in the way of evils) there was a thick stump of a man, who upon a fair computation would make about three in breadth.—Were it a cold winter's day

day my situation would not have been so disagreeable — but alas! in July, when the weather is exceedingly sultry, this preffion was almost insupportable. To mend the matter, I was in the middle, between this gentleman and an old woman; who being subject to infirmities on account of her age, was muffled up in a large cloak; which unnecessary addition, consequently encreased the warmth. — My neighbour, the corpulent gentleman, was a Sexton to some parish in London; and, it seems, while his church was repairing, this worthy *Amen* paid a visit to a friend, to gorge on the fat of the land. During the evening he sung two or three psalms for us — my left ear was the greatest sufferer — but when the time of repose drew near, he fell fast asleep, and making his pillow

of my unfortunate shoulder, I was obliged, during the ferenading of his uncomfortable nose, to support myself upon the old woman; who, taking into dudgeon the ponderous weight of both, railed against me—But you know my luck, Charles—I was always one of those happy-unfortunates, who are no sooner out of one scrape but they get into another—so changing seats with the old woman, by the way of making her easy, she a little after, to extricate herself from the weight of *Amen*, changed seats with him—and oh Charles! I had now a most unmerciful burthen—she reclined upon him, and of course they both leaned upon me!—Praying most fervently for a liberation, and resolving to consummate my wish whenever an opportunity offered, I took the favourable advantage

tage

tage of supper-time; when, having partook of a little refreshment with the rest, I returned in haste to choose my seat. By this time I had formed an intimacy with those who sat opposite me: they were man and wife, (seemingly an hospitable couple) and a son, for whose sake I discovered the couple were coming up to London, to make a man of business of him; but looking upon the lad to be very deficient about the brains, and thinking Master by his appearance was about twenty, I was regretting all the unavailing pains which his father and mother were taking with him. I enquired the business he was about pursuing, under pretence of being of service to him if I could; and learned that Master was to be no less than a School-master, because he wrote so charmingly
and

and spelt so correctly. With this view, his parents were bringing him to London, meaning to bind him apprentice to some country academy; and during the time of his absence, to live themselves as frugally as possible.—I could not help making my silent remarks on this wild determination—In what manner, I thought, must youth be instructed, when such chubber creatures as these are decreed their preceptors—no wonder indeed that so many *Lingos* infest the world, when every low-born elf can be made a master, and fools that can scarcely read English be appointed to teach Latin—however, as I had no children myself to care about, I did not give way to any moral reflections—a more weighty subject engrossed my attention—how I should avoid my late *weighty* neigh-

neighbour.—The old woman, I perceived, who sat at the same side with me, was upon this very identical plan; and resolving to be now at her ease, seated herself with the young School-master and me, while the man and wife and corpulent clerk, were for the first time together.

About the expiration of half an hour, I perceived the great inquietude of my opposite friend the married lady: indeed, good manners had almost overcome my resolution, and I was near (after all the uneasiness I had experienced) giving up my seat to the poor woman, whose distress was much to be pitied; but that I feared I should not only involve myself in the same disagreeable situation, but very likely incur the displeasure of her husband, for parting a man and wife.—Im-
pressed

pressed with this idea, I endeavoured to forget all around me, and make the place only comfortable to myself—but you know, Charles, “though I say it that should not say it,” I was always of a communicative disposition, and ready to serve others whenever they wanted it—indeed my officious willingness, though the intent be good, has often led me into many misfortunes; inasmuch so, that I have often repented of my polite good-nature, and vowed never to offer my services again when unrequired. But, to prove the weakness of my resolutions, I shall beg leave to acquaint my friend with the following incident:—Being still on the fidgets for Mrs. Moreland, (for that was the name of the married lady) whose uneasiness at supporting the fat Sexton was apparent,
not

not having strength sufficient to remain long a pillar to his corpulence, I shook her son, who was next to me, lounging away the moments at his ease, and requested Master to change seats with his mamma, as I thought she was very uneasy — “ Indeed, I am Sir,” she cried — which declaration confirmed my supposition, and relief was of course absolutely necessary — But curse on my attention! — How embarrassed I was, when Master Dicky, after a hearty stretch, and yawning two or three times, made this reply :

“ Ah, why do you plague me? — Can’t *you* change seats with her — I won’t — ”

I could have bit my tongue now, for having mentioned any thing about it — but a ready thought happily occurring — I told my young neighbour
that

that I wanted to be with his mother, to have some chat about sending him to school. This was sufficient to mortify the unlicked whelp; and after all his muttering, he was forced to resign his seat to Mrs. Moreland, who chearfully accepted his; while her husband, notwithstanding the closeness of the place and night, was fast asleep.

I now thought that I had managed affairs extremely well, and that there was a truce to all concern; but soon I found myself mistaken: for Master Dicky, mindful of the trick I had played him, and already vexed with his situation, would at every opportunity give me such an unmerciful kick, that left my poor shins in almost a bleeding condition. But this was soon remedied; for the mother perceiving the malicious wantonness of her

her incorrigible son, changed seats with me, and being now exactly opposite her boy, disappointed poor Master of further revenge.

For several miles we passed on unmolested and tranquil. I was advising Mrs. Moreland (as it was my turn to have revenge on Master) to send her son to some distant and strict school; for as the young gentleman was to be a School-master himself, it was no little share of knowledge, I thought, that would be competent.

“ Oh, indeed Sir, cried she, I shall follow your advice—he must be a man of *larning*, to be sure, to *larn* others.—I confess that he reads and writes better than any one I know—but that is not enough—he must understand Greek and Latin, French and Italian, and be able to read Logic, Aristotlle, and all the other *Poets*——”

The time passed on very merrily ; all, except Master, were either asleep, or killing the hours (as my countrymen say) with cursory remarks or jocund stories. — Mr. Moreland and the Clerk were snoring—young Moreland muttering—but the old woman and self entertaining one another with alternate observations, as fast as our *red rags* would permit us.

The happy awful time drew near. —No creature, I believe, was more desirous to see London than your friend ; wondering if Fame had for once in her life told truth, or expatiated too far on its merits. When about a few miles distant, the old ballad occurred to my recollection,

“ Oh ! London is a fine town,

“ A gay and gallant city ;

“ For all the streets are pav’d with gold,

“ And all the folks are witty.——”

The

The *golden pavement*, was, I thought, an allusion to all the wonderful curiosities which I expected to see; and the wit of the folks, as well as these, excited my impatience. At last, I said with Belcour in the play—"For the first time of my life I am in London."—I now displayed all my politeness in handing the company out of the coach, and after I had taken a cup of coffee to refresh myself, began to make my several enquiries; when the waiter, who was all hurry and bustle, gave me an immediate proof of London's *Curiosities* and *Wit*.

—"Harkee, Friend——?"

—"Coming, Sir——."

The fellow, saying this, turned his back, and attended some one else; but upon my repeating my call, he at last vouchsafed to verify his answer—*Coming, Sir——*.

“ Pray, where am I now, my honest fellow ?”——

“ *Where* are you, Sir——”

——“ Zounds! Sir—What need you echo me——Yes—Where am I?——Is not that English——?”

“ No, Sir—that’s Irish——”

I could not comprehend the fellow’s meaning; till, upon repeating my question, I received the following answer:

“ Well then, Sir, since you must know where you are——You are in—London, Sir——.”

The smiling sarcastic manner in which the fellow delivered his speech, did not a little provoke my resentment; but seeing my own blunder, I more wisely concealed my anger; and assuming a smile of indifference, returned,

“ Well,

“ Well, Friend—Will you now be so kind as to tell me *whereabouts* in London I am——?”

“ In Lad-lane, Sir; at the Swan with Two Necks——.”

Saying this, the fellow ran away to another room, and left me no doubt in great astonishment at the *two neck'd* Swan. After a few comments on this curiosity, I left the house in search of a lodging; but my labour was in vain. On my first application, I was told by the mistress of the house, that she *took in* no Irishmen; for that they were all queer fellows.—I was exceedingly enraged at this dismissal, and was determined to conceal my country till I had pleased myself with a residence.—This I did on my next application; but unwittingly betrayed myself: for, upon the examination of an old man, who displayed at once the bluntness

and sincerity of a John Bull, I told him I was from the country.

——“What part, Sir?”——

——“Why, Sir,”——for though answering a question, I could not forget my *Whys*——“I am come, Sir—from——from Paddington——.”

“From Paddington!”——cried the fellow, with a staring countenance.

“Yes, Sir,—from Paddington”——for hearing Mrs. Moreland mention her intention of going to Paddington, I understood it to be some distant country, and thought myself very fortunate in the name.

“What! all the way from Paddington!” cried a young lady ironically, who was sitting near the window, and remaining before a silent spectator——“Are you indeed, all the way from Paddington——?”

“Yes,

“ Yes, Miss—all the way—to be sure its very far—but, we travelled night and day, Ma’am !”

“ And I suppose, Sir, you came down Oxford-road——”

“ Oh yes, Ma’am—that was the *road* we came by——.”

As it was not in my power to contradict, I was resolved to answer every question in the affirmative; and indeed imagined that I had succeeded very well, till a loud laugh had convinced me of my error, and I understood that Paddington was in London.—You cannot conceive, Friend, how extremely foolish I look’d: the more I equivocated, the more they laughed: till not being able to withstand their mirth, I ingenuously confessed my name and country, and the reason of this disguise.

“ Well,

“ Well, Sir, (cried the old man) and where can I get your character; for we men in London are very circumspcctive.”

“ Then, Sir, if you'll be so kind as to send to one Charles Fortescue, now in Dublin, you will hear all about me.”

“ Charles Fortescue !” echoed the young lady—and I thought she became serious on the mention of the name.—I hope, my Friend, you have played no wanton tricks while you have been here—have stolen no yielding, melting heart, and left it in despair.—I assure you that the young lady's surprize, and immediate transition from gay to sad, had almost provoked suspicion—but I cannot suppose it—your love, unalterable love for Elvira, must secure your constancy.

Having,

Having, however, bargained with the old fellow for his first-floor, I threw him down a month's payment; and methought the sight of my gold had removed all his suspicions.—They promised me that the rooms should be ready for my reception in the evening. I therefore deemed it my best way to return to the inn, and take a farewell of my fellow-travellers.

But was poor fellow ever so unfortunate!—While I was sure that I was going right—upon enquiring the way, “a rude and boisterous captain of the sea” burst into a loud laugh—

“Why, Sir, do you know where you are?”—

“Oh yes—the waiter this morning has given me that information—I am in London——.”

“In London—aye—but what part?
—Why, Sir, you are in Tower-hill
—before

—before you is the Tower, behind you is the Custom-house——Lord, Sir, you are two miles out of your way!”

—“Heaven’s!—and which way should I go?”——

“Strait forward, and up Cornhill.”

“Oh, plague on your *bills*—I shall never be able to go it up, I am so exceedingly tired.”

After pondering a few minutes what I should do, I very wisely took a coach, and having given the direction of the Swan with Two Necks, speedily arrived to the spot of ground I wanted.

I enquired now for my travelling friends, but was informed that they had all left it. I was exceedingly chagrined at my solitary situation, and sat down to a lonesome dinner; when the waiter removed the cloth, I enquired if there were none among the
company

company that would take a glass of wine with me, for I hated drinking by myself. He told me there was a gentleman in the next room, to whom, if I pleaded, he would make the proposal; accordingly he did, and the gentleman being announced by the name of Mr. Emmet, made his appearance.

His figure was tall and slender; his dress being black, corresponded with his sable looks; and his manner, betrayed a hidden sorrow which occasioned a depression of spirits. After our introductory compliments and a few glasses of wine, I told him I was a stranger in London, and was therefore happy to have the company of any man from whom I might derive some information.

“Information!—(cried he)—then I fear you are mistaken in me—How
can

can I, that want information, give any?"

I endeavoured now, by my usual way of rallying, to conquer his despondency. But alas! my Friend, his malady was too deeply rooted, and his affliction, which now I knew to proceed from no common cause, was not so easily to be removed.—I own my curiosity was not a little excited.—I prayed him to let me know the cause of this visible distress, and promised not only the profoundest secrecy, but all the assistance in my power.

“Alas! (returned he) my distress is not to be told.—I have endeavoured to commit to paper the most particular incidents from whence spring all my misfortunes. You are welcome to read the manuscript when at leisure. I shall only beg, in return, that generous assistance

sistance which your own philanthropy and feelings may dictate."

The gentleman could proceed no further in his narrative, but delivered me the paper which contained his story. I promised to meet him the next day and return it; but intended, before then, to make out a transcript for my friend; which I have already done, and herewith send it. Being now more friendly and familiar, I endeavoured to divert his sorrow by a few jests and facetious observations. The gentleman was, notwithstanding all my pains, exceedingly dull and silent: in consequence of his taciturnity he remained sober, while I, on account of my prittle prattle, was very speedily fuddled. This, Mr. Emmet perceiving, insisted upon our adjourning. He enquired where I

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lodged;

lodged; but all the information that I could give, was, that I had taken a first-floor somewhere near St. Paul's; which (because I am remarkably clever in my liquor) I would soon find out. He offered to accompany me to it; but I was too great a man, and scorned his assistance. We parted; and away I went in search of a lodging which I had now totally lost all recollection of.

By the directions, however, of our good nocturnal guardians (the watchmen) to Paul's church, I at last found (or at least thought so, by the similitude of the street) the place where I had taken my lodgings.—I now stood for some minutes to recollect a sign by which I might discover the door; and remembering that it was a black one, I strutted on as well as I was able, in pursuit of the black door. At last,
per-

perceiving the *mourning* sign, by a very loud and continued knocking I procured admittance — A smart pretty servant let me in — she stared — ask'd me what I wanted? —

“ My bed, Love ; and if you please, you may come with me——.”

“ Heaven's ! — Who are you ? — I protest and vow I will call my master.”

“ No ; pr'ythee don't — You see I am a little merry, or so ; but your master may think I am drunk, and have a bad opinion of his new lodger — but I am not drunk — No ; you see, my Dear, I am not drunk——.”

Here, hoping to convince the servant of my sobriety, by taking the candle out of her hand, and making a quiet exit to bed, I happened (contrary to my intentions) to throw it out of the candlestick, and by a woeful mistake

tumble down the kitchen-stairs.— The noise which ensued, no doubt, occasioned an alarm.—A male voice, which came from above stairs, and denoted the master, enquired “ Who was there ? ” — “ A madman,” replied the servant. — Another voice (which was a female’s in the kitchen, and whom I supposed to be the young lady that sighed at the mention of your name) cried out “ What is the matter ? ”

“ Hush—hush, my Dear—’Tis I—the one you saw this morning.”

“ Is it possible ! ” she exclaimed.—
“ Can it be Mr. Emmet ! ”

On saying this, the gentleman of the house came down stairs with a candle and blunderbuss, attended by another armed with a poker. The light of the candle convinced me of
my

my error ; and the lady, whom I imagined to be that fond tender fair that I saw this morning, proved to be the wife of the old gentleman. I confess that I was sadly embarrassed ; but, owing to the dismal plight that I was in, became somewhat more sober and collected ; and resolving to take advantage of the lady's knowledge of Mr. Emmet, candidly confessed that I was with that gentleman, and having drank too freely, committed this mistake.—An examination ensued : they demanded to know why I bred all this disturbance in their house.—I imputed the mistake to the colour of the street-door.

“ The colour of my street-door !
 (echoed the old blunt gentleman)
 Why, is black such a very particular
 D.3 colour ?

colour?—But tell me, Sir, Where is it you live, and with whom?”

“ Oh Sir, I live with a——a—— a certain person in——in this street, Sir.”

This ambiguous reply confirmed their suspicions ; and the old gentleman began to think it his duty to send me to the round-house, for fear I might disturb his honest friend and neighbour the grocer, as both his door and shutters were black. In vain I endeavoured to vindicate myself : the more I urged my innocence, the more I was suspected—Appearances were against me—I could give no account of myself, nor where I lodged ; and as to my mentioning Mr. Emmet’s name, the old lady made it out as a greater proof of my guilt ; because forsooth, indeed, the

she had inadvertently mentioned it herself before me.—Never was I so perplexed and vexed in all my life; of course I began to swear and insist upon it that I was with that gentleman; but they all clapt up their hands to their ears to prevent their being polluted with my horrid imprecations.

“ Oh! the vile finner! (exclaimed the old lady) How shockingly he swears—I would not believe one word he utters—He with Mr. Emmet indeed! —Why, Sir, what is Mr. Emmet?—I say, What is he?—There, Husband, he does not know.”

Well, thought I to myself, William thou art always in scrapes—but was there ever one of them to be paralleled with this?—A lucky thought occur'd—I told them I would convince them that I did know Mr. Emmet; so,
taking

taking out the manuscript out of my pocket, which he gave me, I shewed it. — “ There — there (I cried, with no little exultation) is Mr. Emmet’s Story, written by himself.”

You cannot conceive, Charles, how soon this discovery had “ smooth’d the wrinkled fronts” of my antagonists. Their tempers, which were so ruffled before, became now exceedingly calm. The old lady declared, that above all things, she wished to hear the Story of Mr. Emmet ; for, notwithstanding her acquaintance with that gentleman, she could never discover the cause of his malady ; Mr. Emmet being always unwilling to confide in a woman.— Having now promised me a bed, and other accommodations for the night, provided I would communicate the Story, I chearfully accepted the proposal ;

posaf; and leaving the manuscript in their hands, begged them, as I had not yet perused it, to take particular care of it; adding, that it was my intention to transcribe it before I gave it back to Mr. Emmet. The gentleman and lady promised not only to take care of it, but likewise to have a copy of it ready in the morning. This promise was fulfilled about breakfast-time. The transcript was sent up to me; and ere I made my appearance in the parlour, I read poor Emmet's Narrative with the greatest attention.—Having risen this morning early, for the purpose of finishing this long, long letter, (some part of which was written yesterday) I now enclose the promised Story, and hasten down stairs to be better acquainted with my new friends, hear their

their remarks upon the manuscript
lent, and make some compensation for
the trouble I had given. — Forgive
me, Charles, for being so prolix ; and
believe me to be

Your's sincerely,

W. JEFFERSON.

Mr.

Mr. EMMET's STORY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I Was the son of an affluent, but extravagant man. My mother, a few months after my birth, was seized with a violent fever, to which she owed her dissolution. My father then gave way to dissipation; and his life, on account of his irregularities, was suddenly closed. His fortune, through his extravagance, perished with him; for he was one of those men who thought provision for their offspring was unnecessary: of course I was dependant on an old uncle, whose manners and parsimony made his company disagreeable. By the dint of good fortune, however, I attained a liberal edu-

education. My notions of life were rather too high ; for I inherited the best part of my father's spirit, who was always proud and ambitious.—When I had seen about eighteen winters, my uncle proposed to me a place about two hundred per annum ; but, with shame I now say it, I rejected it. Places, at best, I thought a servile employment ; and two hundred I looked upon as no object.—No ; my ambition soared higher—I despised hundreds, and idly dreamt of thousands.

“ Vain fool ! (cried my uncle) Starve if thou wilt.—This juvenile folly thou wilt yet repent of, when like me oppressed with the cares of the world, and aware of the value of money.—Reject two hundred pounds !—Well—well—I shan't be surprised to hear you want two hundred pence.”

This

This prophetic and mortifying speech stung me to the very soul.—From this day I determined, as the young men of the age say, to make my fortune; but, as the more experienced must suppose—to mar it for ever.—I determined to marry, not for love, but for money; for I thought that gold was the only requisite to make the marriage-state agreeable.

Having fortunately gained the affections of an old aunt, whose partiality for her prodigal nephew (notwithstanding she had a child of her own) was rather surprizing, I had recourse to her for money whenever I wished to visit a ball or any other public place of amusement; so that I enjoyed pleasure without either the leave or assistance of my uncle. By these means I had made some good

connections; and was one evening, in particular, invited to an assembly where both sexes meet for the sake of mirth and good-humour.

This was the first time that I had seen Miss Dalton; a young lady of great affability and benevolence. I beheld her with extreme delight; and having an opportunity of speaking privately to my friend, who had invited me, expatiated much upon her sense and beauty.

“Yes faith, Jack, she is a fine girl. You could not do better than *strike up* to her—A fine girl, faith.”

“Aye—But has she the *splinters*?”

“Yes, faith—Twenty thousand pounds, good money, all in her own power.”

“What, upon Marriage?”——

“No;

“No; when she is of age—But what of that—She is only nineteen now—Her beauty and the interest of that money, which I hear she enjoys upon marriage, will give fleeting wings to the other two years.” R

We were now interrupted by some of the company, which put a truce to this conversation; but by what I had seen and heard, I began to think I was violently in love.—Another glimpse of the girl confirmed my belief.—I was absolutely so; and began to suppose that with her and the twenty thousand pounds, I should be the happiest man in the universe.—I was particularly attentive to her for the remainder of the evening; went home with her; and the next day strolled before her house, and betrayed the greatest desire to see her again.—Miss Dalton's pru-

dence, however, prevented her from taking notice of it.—She remained at home all that day, and disappointed my wish of being with her. But still repeating my vigilance, I had the good success to meet her one day unprotected and alone, preparing for a walk. I seized the glorious opportunity of accompanying her; and though a novice in the art of courtship, deemed it my best way to make an early practice.—Several broad hints I gave her of my partiality—swore she was the finest girl I had seen before or since that evening—that I could not forbear thinking of her—and dreamt of her every night.—Thus, and with more frothy declarations of a similar tendency, I established an acquaintance with her.—I discovered now that she had no parents to oppose my happiness,
but

but a fond foolish mother, whose intention was to remain in London till the education of her daughter was finished. Thus secure, (for I was well aware of the weakness of her defence) I begged to know if her mother would be ~~un~~willing to trust her with me to a play. Miss Dalton replied in the negative; adding, that she herself would be averse to go to the play without a female companion.—Though I admired this punctilio, yet I own it disappointed me. However, by the persuasive means of other requests, I paved my way for a more permanent acquaintance; nor did I take my leave without almost extorting a promise to repeat our walk the next day.—We did—and again—adding an hour to every time.—Thus we became more

familiar and candid, and though not avowed, were secret lovers.

Miss Dalton, upon our fourth walk together, told me that her mother, the preceding day, expressed very much concern and uneasiness at her staying out so long; and upon her refusing to tell where she was, that a violent altercation ensued. — This I looked upon as a happy circumstance; for Love will be always the more resolute, the more it is opposed. The consequence was, that now, instead of meeting once, we met twice every day; and our interviews being stolen, became more interesting.

The invitation to my friend's, where I had first the pleasure of seeing Miss Dalton, being repeated, I was resolved to exert my utmost endeavours to please;

please; and having always a taste for composition, both in poetry and music, I determined to invoke the muse and all the powers of harmony to assist me.—As to the merit of my lays, I shall not boast of it; but I flattered myself that my notes had exceeded all my former out-doings.—Previous to the assembly, I shewed the music to Miss Dalton, and assured her that if she would study and play it on her guittar the approaching evening appointed to be merry, I would honour myself by adding my humble vocal abilities to her instrumental powers; at the same time informing her that the ballad was, both in music and words, my own composing, therefore I stood in need of her superior melody to conceal the defects of mine.—This compliment, though fulsome as it
may

may seem to the unconcerned, was swallowed by my charmer.—Miss Dalton accepted the music, and promised if in her power to play it.

When the evening came, we all met as before ; and methought that smiling hilarity sparkled in every eye. The pleasures of the moment, diverted the cares of human nature ; and my dear Serina's merit was distinguished by her readiness to please.—I was the first that mentioned the guitar—the wish became unanimous, and Miss Dalton complied.—She played several rondeaus before she attempted the ballad. At last turning round to me—“ Come, Sir, (she said) if you will favour me with the words, I will attempt the music of that new ballad you shewed me.”—I bowed consent with secret satisfaction ; for now was the critical
moment

moment I thought of either rising or sinking in her esteem.—I confess that Hope and Fear had their alternate reign.—My heart panted during the symphony, and it was with the utmost anxiety I began.

B A L L A D.

WHEN first my Serina I saw,
 What pleasure the sight did impart;
 I gaz'd with ineffable awe,
 And thought her the produce of art.

I gaz'd, and I wish'd her to move;—
 But thinking of wax she was made,
 To give animation like Jove,
 And be a Prometheus I pray'd.

The greater and greater my bliss,
 The nearer and nearer I came——
 Sure the artist, I cry'd, that did this,
 Deserves an immortaliz'd name.——

She

She spoke, and my joy was complete ;
I could not believe what she said :
But harmony follow'd more sweet,
On her fav'rite guittar, when she play'd.

Once more touch the trembling string,
I cry'd with a faltering tongue ;
In union with thee will I sing——
She did—and 'twas thus that I sung :

“ Oh hear me, Serina, I pray ;
Tho' weak and unpolish'd my muse ;
To be the sweet theme of my lay,
Thy merit and beauty I choose.

When fairest Serina appears,
What pleasure it is to behold ;
But when she with melody cheers,
There's no savage heart can be cold.

If beauty alone be esteem'd
The emblem of angels divine ;
What then must the union be deem'd,
When beauty and harmony join ?——

While

While some have her merit preferr'd,
While others her beauty extol,
Have I with delight seen and heard,
And admir'd Serina for all.

For who that beholds, won't admire
The seat where the Graces all reign?
And who that attends won't desire,
To hear the same ditty again?

With harmony, beauty and grace,
Serina engages our hearts;
—And pleasure you'll see in her face,
When pleasure around she imparts."

This ballad had the desired effect.—
Miss Dalton (whose christian-name
was not known by many in the room)
too well understood the compliments,
and seemed to relish the flattering
strains.—She requested a copy of the
ballad—I hastened into the next room
for pen and ink.—My friend, who first
spurred me on to this romantic fit,
now

now followed me, anxiously enquiring what I was about.—I told him I was going to transcribe the ballad for Miss Dalton.

“ And is that all—poor simpleton? —Why would you let such an opportunity escape?—Now is the time to avow your passion—now the time to overcome all her scrupulous objections.”—I took the hint, and having finished the ballad, added a few lines in prose to assure her that it was in her power to make me eternally miserable or for ever happy.—This, with many other enthusiastic protestations, served to fill up the sheet of paper; which, having returned to the Assembly-room, I flipp’d into her hands.

The remainder of the night passed equally sociable.—The next day, anxious to know the result of my avowal,

avowal, I hastened to the appointed place where we always met; but no Serina appeared.—I was exceedingly disappointed, and began to fear that I was slighted; or by acting too precipitately, had provoked her warm resentment.—Various were my suggestions on the occasion; and while in the evening taking a solitary walk for the sake of serious reflection, behold I met Miss Dalton, who I believe went out on the same occasion.—I own this unexpected meeting did not a little embarrass me—I was unprepared for it.—The confusion of Miss Dalton was apparent—she wished to avoid me—but summoning all my fortitude, I would not let the happy opportunity escape.—I saluted her as usual: she returned the salutation with coldness and reserve.—Alas! she seemed afraid

of me.—I was extremely concerned, and taking hold of her hand, begged her not to be angry.

“ You have read, I presume, the few lines which I have added to the ballad ? ”

“ Yes, Sir, (she stammered out) I—I have read them, and am forry—— ”

“ Sorry, Miss Dalton ! ”——

“ Yes, Sir—extremely forry that I am the object of your sport. ”

“ By heavens, Madam, I was ferious. ”——

“ Oh Sir, I am not unacquainted with the practices of men. I have received many of these billet-doux, with all the tender protestations, all the frothy terms of love ; but of these I have thought nothing : they were the frolics of a moment, and I treated them

them all with that indifference they deserved.—But now I am indeed sorry, that you, Sir, for whom I had *some* friendship, should think that because without the knowledge of my mother I have walked with you two or three times, my behaviour was an encouragement to love.”——

“Indeed you wrong me, Miss Dalton.—I have admired all along your delicacy and manners—that delicacy which has subdued me, and that delicacy which deprives me of my wish.—I pray forgive my candour; it proceeds from sincerity; and be assured I love you.”——

“Sudden love, Mr. Emmet, is but the flame of a moment; it will grow black with the smoke of Indifference, and be speedily extinguished by the watery streams of Repentance.”

Though the objections of Miss Dalton were argued with great energy, and enforced by very just sentiments, yet they were all soon removed by a solemn declaration of love.—I swore that without her I should be ever unhappy, and that with her no care should oppress me.

“Alas! (cried Miss Dalton) perhaps you think that I am *now* possessor of a fortune; but do not deceive yourself—I own that I expect something; but there will be many months ere I receive it.”——

Here I dissembled—I pretended a total disregard for fortune, and assured her I had a sufficiency of my own to make our lives genteel and easy.—Her expectations were enough: for knowing her to be nineteen, I thought the expiration of *two years* would be nothing.—

nothing.—She repeated her confession again, and assured me that *at present* she had no fortune; but I, less candid and more cunning, boasted of one beyond the power of my uncle to retain, and by a number of notorious lies satisfied the unsuspecting fair.

Another objection Miss Dalton started, and which I thought the most difficult to remove.—Her mother, she said, adored her; and by her extreme partiality for her, would no doubt be very particular in the choice of her son-in-law — she might think there was none worthy of her, and disapprove of every proposal—in short, she might advise her never to hazard her situation by entering too soon the Gordian knot.

Here I expatiated on the absurdity of a mother's love, who through

mistaken fondness would prevent her daughter from being happy ; but as it was my intention that the mother should remain ignorant of the matter, (knowing too well that the old ladies are always circumspect, and that she, no doubt, in case she did approve, would propose a settlement, and perhaps something else for her daughter's interest, which Serina by herself would never think of) I intimated that the best mode of proceeding would be a clandestine wedding——Miss Dalton trembled at the idea.——

“ Oh save me, Mr. Emmet——save me from the thought.—A clandestine wedding !——Why would you mention it ?——Shall I thus compensate the indulgence of my mother, and by an act of imprudence-risk my own reputation.——Yes, Mr. Emmet, an act
of

of imprudence, which would doubtless shorten the days of Mrs. Dalton.— Oh God ! should that be the issue of my ingratitude, where would Serina fly ?”——

“ Into Emmet’s arms — Emmet, who would be more than father or mother—who would be then your husband.”——

“ And what would be my comfort then ?—Though surrounded with all affluence and pomp, tranquillity could have no place.—My mother gone, and I the murderer !——Yes, Sir, I will repeat it—the murderer !——He that stabs with the knife, is indeed guilty of brutality and wantonness ; the law will punish him ; but whoever kills with ingratitude, murders with security ; and there being no punishment

ment prescribed, Conscience becomes the Judge."

I now told her, that though I had no parents, yet my uncle, who was their representative, was as dear to me; and that he dearly loved me too; yet for her sake, I would hazard that love. However, knowing his disposition, I was almost sure of his forgiveness, and had no doubt, but to consummate the reconciliation, he would pacify her mother, and harmony and love be forthwith united.

Though peremptory as Miss Dalton's objections to a clandestine marriage were awhile ago, I flattered myself that by future promises of Love, I should win her consent. With this hope I persevered; and after a few meetings, (for Miss Dalton walked
with

with me as usual) I was confirmed in my opinion.—She not only agreed to be my wife, but consented when convenient to elope with me.

By being so frequently abroad, I now displeased my uncle; who thinking that I had commenced a life of dissipation, told me in a very calm manner, that if I persisted in my pernicious way of living, he would not only alter his will, which he had made in my favour, but likewise turn me out of his house. Indeed, since I refused the two hundred per annum, my uncle never addressed me as a nephew.—However, taking advantage of the warning which he gave me, I hastened to my aunt, and in the most pathetic manner that was possible, made my complaint, leaving her to imagine I had got the *turn-out* already.

—She,

—She, according to her benevolence, gave me a bill for fifty pounds, and told me when I wanted more to make my application to her.—Elate with this success I hastened to meet Serina; who after some few persuasions consented to elope with me the succeeding day.—This time I made more enquiries into her family than ever—I ask'd her if she were the only child her mother ever had—her reply was in the negative—She had a brother, she said, who when Mr. Dalton was living, quarrelled with his father, and having in the heat of his passion accepted the offer of a friend to take him to the East Indies, ran away, and from that day was never heard of since.—Though young Dalton had been a great favourite of his mother, yet his absence had now entirely estranged

estranged her affections; and for the daughter who was with her, she forgot the son in the East Indies.—I now imagined that Mr. Dalton had, on account of the imprudence of the boy, left all he had to Serina; and thus, in my own mind, accounted for her fortune—but I had little or no time for consideration—the busy day arrived, and Serina and I fled for Gretna-Green.

On our return home I wrote to Mrs. Dalton and my uncle, declaring that it was sincere Love on both sides which prompted our elopement. From the latter I received an immediate answer on a piece of an old copy-book, (for the avaricious wretch could not find in his heart to send better paper) wherein, as was customary with him, he upbraided my behaviour with old proverbs

proverbs and quaint sayings; assuring me that "as I baked I might brew;" and in respect to my Love, "That would fly out of the window when poverty entered the door;" concluding with "Hasty weddings bring on slow repentances;" and therefore he left me to "chew the cud."—I received no answer from Mrs. Dalton; so concluding that her maternal feelings would overcome her rage, left her to her meditations.—I confess it was an imposition on good-nature, but having no other place to bring my wife to, we went to my aunt's, whose pity for a new-married couple was indeed great.—I took her into a private chamber, where I told her that my wife had a great fortune, but wanted two years of being of age. I prayed her therefore to give us lodging till
then;

then ; and that I would, when in receipt of the money, make ample compensation.

“ No, Jack, (cried she) you can’t stay here.—I am very sorry for it—but there are pressing reasons.—I will lend you money when wanted, provided you will be secret ; but while you have been absent, my daughter has been guilty of the same imprudence ; and were I to encourage a fault in you which I have blamed in her, I should be no doubt the subject of ridicule.—I do not mean to abandon my own child, though I am resolved that her husband, since he has married her, shall, till my death at least, provide for her. I know him to be inclined to laziness, and were I to receive them into my house, he would, I am sure, become so very idle, that

did necessity hereafter require it, he could do nothing.—I am resolved that my child shall have money whenever she wants it, but without knowing whom it is from; and that I will never permit their visits to me till I hear that the young gentleman (who calls himself Stephenson, an Attorney) has made a proficiency in his business.”

I confess that I was not a little disappointed at this reception; however, upon the old lady's present of an hundred pounds, I kept up my spirits, and promised myself better days.—We took a lodging—I wrote again to my mother-in-law, and answered my uncle's letter, informing him that the fortune which my wife brought me, would, I hope, enable me to live without his assistance.

I still

I still kept up my consequence with Mrs. Emmet, who supposed by the great shew of money which I made, that I was possessed of a good income; but an explanation soon ensued, and in a few days Serina discovered that I was totally dependant on my aunt.

Though I confess my duplicity to Mrs. Emmet was deserving of the highest censure, yet, Good soul! she never upbraided, nor once seemed to regret my want of fortune. One day she thought that our mode of living was too extravagant, and begged I would make an alteration in time, ere I was too deeply involved; but I hinted to her, that by my aunt's assistance, we could do very well till she was of age; and then, with her twenty thousand pounds, become independant.

“My twenty thousand!”—

G 2

“Yes,

“ Yes, my Dear,—(cried I, with trembling tones, which bespoke my apprehensions)—Are you not to receive that sum when of age ?”——

“ Oh heavens, Mr. Emmet, who has deceived you ?—Would to God I had, for your sake—But no—except my aunt dies I am worth nothing.”

“ Your aunt——What aunt ?”——

“ Mrs. Belfield.—Her late husband, my uncle, left me twenty thousand pounds to be received after her death ; and if she died before I was of age, the interest upon marriage ; but she is a young, hale, vigorous woman ; and should any thing happen to me before I am of age, the money must be lost.”

I was thunderstruck—my surprise was apparent — Serina beheld my emotions, and trembled at the consequences.

“ Oh

“ Oh Mr. Emmet, (she continued) Was I not candid and sincere?—Did I not confess before our marriage, that at present I had nothing?—You told me that you loved me for myself only—that you had a sufficiency of your own to live upon—But alas! it is too evident you have not only deceived me, but yourself too.”——

“ Deceived myself!—I *was* deceived.”——

“ Well, take comfort, be satisfied; though you have no fortune, and though my mother, who dearly loved me, will no more see me, yet for your sake, I will endeavour to bear all losses. I will love, I will adore you; and by unremitting wholesome industry, have no doubts but we shall live genteelly.”

For some time I was inconsolable, and sitting down, began to ruminate with a heavy heart. Serina burst into tears, and falling before me on her knees, begged me not to hate her.

“The ways of Providence (she cried) are always good.—We cannot tell how soon we may enjoy this money—perhaps to-morrow.”

“Perhaps never.”——

“But who should despair in this world—My aunt cannot live for ever.”

“Perish your aunt!”——

From this hour I became cold and indifferent; however, resolved when she was of age, to sell the reversion for whatever I could get.—I now began to repent the rash refusal of two hundred per annum; and thinking it might be the means of reconciling me
to

to my uncle, I was determined to see him, and under pretence of obliging him, accept the place.

Upon entering my uncle's house, I was ushered into the parlour, and there left for above half an hour, waiting his approach; at last he vouchsafed to come, and behaving very ceremoniously, wished me a great deal of joy, and hoped Mrs. Emmet was well. I replied in the affirmative, and begged leave to introduce her to him; but my uncle, shaking his head at this request, began his proverbs again.

“No, no, Jack, you won't catch old birds with chaff——No——no——I look before I leap.”

Though discouraged as I was, I proceeded in my business, and hoped by my acceptance now of the place which he lately proposed, to win his
favour,

favour, and prove myself an industrious man.

“ Oh ho! Does the maggot bite?— But you are in the wrong box, my boy—the place is filled—and so— your servant.”——

I held and pressed him to forgive; told him that the connection which I had made, would, I hope, be of service to me; but that I should never be happy if he still retained his anger.

“ Why look you, Jack, Mrs. Emmet and you are two liars.—I saw Mrs. Dalton yesterday, who told me that her daughter, previous to her elopement, left word that she was going to be married to a gentleman of fortune—Now I have done your business there; for I assured her it was a notorious lie.—I said you were not worth a shilling; and to make the story

story better, added that you never would; for you were an idle, conceited, good-for-nothing, self-sufficient fellow.—So much for Mrs. Emmet's lie about your fortune; and as to your's about her's, I am told that the twenty thousand pounds depend upon the death of an aunt—that's a terrible stroke, Jack.—I suppose the woman will live these forty years yet to vex you—then who knows, your wife may die before she is of age—but that's not likely, you'll say—she is young and healthy—Well, Jack, I wish you joy—You will have twenty thousand pounds when Mrs. Belfield dies.—Live horse and you shall have grass—A very good proverb, faith.”

I could no longer bear this cruel sarcastic language; so hastening home to Mrs. Emmet, I told her all that
had

had passed, particularly about her mother. She seemed to think that Mrs. Dalton would never forgive her ; but, in my presence, did not betray the least emotion of distress.

Every day now my uneasiness increased — A series of misfortunes I thought before me, and Poverty stared me in the face.—The esteem of my aunt I still courted ; and in order to preserve it, made my visits regular every day.

One evening, being sent for by the old lady in a great hurry, and told by her servant that she was exceedingly ill, I concluded that she was about dying and leaving me something ; accordingly I flew with the greatest rapidity to her house, and having entered her chamber, requested to know the urgency of her message.—

“ Alas !

“ Alas ! (cried she) I fear my dissolution is near—I have just finished my will, and divided my little all between you and my child—To her, because she is my child, I have given the greater share.—There are five hundred pounds which remained above what I have willed away ; and as perhaps I may live a month or two longer, during which time my daughter may want something, I have sent for you to wait upon Mrs. Stephenfon, and as it were from yourself, and without mentioning my name, present her with the trifle—Here it is—Lose no time, and let me know the result of your visit.”

I took the money, and promised every attention ; but while I was half way, (God forgive me !) a thought occurred that this money would be of
the

the greatest service to my wife and self, and that my aunt would never know of it; accordingly I turned back, and regardless of poor Mrs. Stephenson's situation, told the old lady that I had seen her daughter, who received my supposed present with great cordiality. — My aunt thanked me for my attention, and told me she should well reward it.

On my return home I gave the cash to my wife, who was exceedingly delighted at the sight; and told her that this was the last present I expected from the old lady, who enjoined me to preserve it as a great secret, for fear Mrs. Stephenson, her daughter, should hear, and grudge me the possession of what she might deem her own right.

Mrs.

Mrs. Emmet seemed extremely concerned about her mother, though she endeavoured all in her power to disguise her sorrow, which she feared would be contagious in my presence. —I seized every opportunity for private meditation; and thinking one day that these five hundred pounds, which I deprived Mrs. Stephenson of, might turn out to some advantage, if well applied, I was resolved to make a bold trial; and determined, unknown to my wife, to advertise for an annuity during my life; thinking that if the purchase exceeded what I had, I might prevail upon my aunt to advance me something of what she intended to leave me after her death.

Upon this scheme being put into execution, the first application that was made was from a Mr. Standish,

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requesting an immediate interview.— This gentleman told me that he had just arrived in London, and for the great services which he had done his country, his interest was great; that there was now a place vacant, worth an hundred a year at present; but that the possessor, if he behaved well, would rise. This, he added, was in his disposal, and for five hundred pounds it should be mine. I exulted at this offer, and enjoined the gentleman to call on me the next morning and settle matters.—With pleasure, unknown for many days before, I hastened home—Mrs. Emmet was out—Joy had overcome me, and I sat down to meditate on my future fortune.

Soon as my wife came in, I told her that I had now a prospect of
some-

something yearly, and made no doubt but we should be happy yet.—I did not however tell her the particulars till I was certain of the place; but asked her for the key of the desk, in order to have the money ready for Mr. Standish.—I searched with the utmost impatience, and perceiving only two hundred and fifty pounds, ran to Mrs. Emmet to enquire for the remainder.

“Don’t be angry, my Dear—I have taken a liberty, which I hope the good intention will excuse.”——

“What, Madam?—Where’s the money?”——

“Nay, you *are* angry; but you *will* not when you know what I have done.—Hear then my Dear.—I thought your aunt’s kindness to us betrayed the most unnatural cruelty

towards her daughter—I have seen Mrs. Stephenfon, and her situation is indeed alarming—Her husband has been belied to your aunt—he is a worthy, good man; but evil tongues, my Dear, have told your aunt the contrary—He is unfortunate—the is unhappy—I pitied them both; and making a division of the donation of your aunt, I gave Mrs. Stephenfon the rest of the money.—Why do you look so angry?—They are a young couple like us — unfortunate!— Believe me, my Dear, that Heaven will reward our Charity, and we shall never be the poorer for it.”——

“ Shall never! — I *am* the poorer.”——

“ Oh no, my Dear—Don’t look so unkindly—We will never know the loss of it.”——

“ But

“ But we *will* ; and that to-morrow morning, Madam.” —

I told her what my intentions were ; and added that a gentleman was to call in the morning about the business, whom now I could not see.—Serina fell on her knees, and humbly implored my pardon ; but callous as I was, I tore myself away, and left the unhappy mourner to lament her fate.

A solitary walk was now my choice—various the thoughts which occurred to my agitated mind—and while considering with myself, I recollected Mrs. Emmet’s words, “ Heaven would reward the Charity ;” and wondered if *her* Charity should be rewarded, how *my* Treachery would be punished.

As now Mrs. Stephenson had half the money, I sincerely wished her the

remainder, and heartily repented within myself of the mean and unworthy artifice I had been guilty of; but it was no time I thought for reflection—"the deed was done"—yet I had it in my power to make some atonement for the guilt, by sending the rest of the money. With this view I returned home to Mrs. Emmet; but upon enquiring for my wife, was told that she had gone out.

"What! again to Mrs. Stephenson!"—

"No, Sir, (replied the maid) She is gone to your aunt's."

"To my aunt's!—Death and fury!—For what?"—

"She told me, Sir, that she had provoked your displeasure by an ill-timed act of beneficence, for which reason she would see the old lady, tell her

her the whole story, and not only endeavour to restore the daughter to her mother's favour, but solicit her assistance to repair the loss which she had occasioned, and recover your esteem."

"Oh God!" — (I cried) — but a recollection of my folly, and the madness of exposing myself to the maid, prevented further exclamations. I hastened into my chamber, and throwing myself on the bed, began to think I was a complete wretch.

For some minutes I fell into a doze, but the imagined revilings of my aunt and injured cousin as oftentimes awoke me; the one upbraiding me for ingratitude, the other for barbarity.— Oh heavens! how my brains were troubled, and my heart torn!—At last, a knock at the street-door announced my wife, and resolving to
know

know the worst, I flew down stairs to the parlour to meet her.

“ Well, Madam, (I cried upon her entrance) Have you now finished my ruin ?”——

“ Oh ! Mr. Emmet, Mr. Emmet !
—When a husband acts without a wife’s knowledge, he betrays little faith in her fidelity, and subjects himself to a thousand calamities.”——

“ And, by the same rule, Madam, when a wife usurps the rights of her husband, and dares to visit and make presents without his leave, she must expect his censure, his indifference.”——

“ Oh, Sir, I acknowledge all my faults ; but thank Heaven, I can plead the best of excuses—Benevolence.—
When I went to Mrs. Stephenson’s, I hoped to have relieved her necessities by a timely contribution—Did I think
that

that I was giving her only a part of her own money?—Could I suppose my husband would have wronged the daughter of his best benefactor, and the wife of a fellow-sufferer?—

Then when I went to your aunt's, it was in hopes to obtain her assistance, and reconcile a mother and child.—

Thank heaven, though purchased at the loss of my husband's love and character, I have effected my design.

—Mrs. Stephenson is restored to her mother's favour—and as the old lady has promised to make me happy, I have no doubt but she will forgive her nephew."—

"Oh my Serina, (I cried with penitent sorrow) my dear Serina, I am a villain—Hide me from myself!—I am ashamed of all the world—of you—my aunt—and Mrs. Stephenson."

"As

“As to me — no matter — I will think it was upon my account you have thus acted. Your aunt I hope will forgive you ; and Mrs. Stephenson will never, never know it.”

“Impossible !” —

“Not so — for the good old lady has been so pleased with my conduct in this affair, that she has religiously promised to keep it secret from her daughter. — Mrs. Stephenson, she told me, shall always think herself indebted to me for the money ; and instead of being reproached, you shall be still respected.” —

This was some consolation to my afflicted soul ; and poor Serina having promised (as she was partly the means of my unhappiness) to remove my distress, I was somewhat more easy than before. The night was, however,
tedious

tedious and heavy—long wished-for morning at last came—Mr. Standish called according to appointment; and having prevailed on my wife to see him, and make some apology for the want of all the cash, I waited with impatience to know the result of their meeting.

After some time, a sudden ringing of the bell excited my curiosity. The maid ran up, and begged me to come down stairs, for that her mistress had fainted. Wondering at the cause, I immediately hastened to the apartment where Mr. Standish and she were. The gentleman told me that he had the pleasure of knowing my wife when she was Miss Dalton; that it was he took her brother to the East Indies; and sorry he was to add, that the unfortunate young man, in coming home,
was

was one of the crew that perished in a shipwreck.—This sudden news had greatly affected my wife, who was sometime before she recovered. We tried every method to revive her spirits; and Mr. Standish, who in a short time became acquainted with my Story, promised I should have the desired place immediately, and that he was content to wait till I was able to pay the remainder of the money. He likewise assured us that he would immediately hasten to Mrs. Dalton, and try his utmost influence to bring about a reconciliation; making no doubt, but when he should tell her of the place I had, and my prospect of rising, that she would be in a few days perfectly satisfied.

Serina, on account of her brother's misfortune, remained for a while inconsolable.

consolable. However, roused by my intreaties, she forgot her sorrows, and hoping for better days, a placid serenity, unknown before, took possession of our minds.

Being resolved to leave no means untried, whereby we might procure Mrs. Dalton's esteem, and promote our own interest, I immediately wrote the following Elegy on the Death of her favourite Son, and had it inserted in the papers for her perusal.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

GEORGE DALTON, Esq.

FAREWELL thou dear lov'd youth!—a long
farewell!——

Alas! how long, when he no more returns;
Oh let my Muse her deepest sorrow tell,
How deep! how deep! when inwardly she
mourns.

Sacred to Thee! oh let my verses flow,
Sacred to Thee, though unadorn'd they be;
The simple lines will better speak my woe,
And in simplicity resemble Thee.

Now mourn Standish for thy friendship's joys,
Mourn for Dalton's past enlivening mirth;
While tyrant Death, with hasty force destroys,
Dalton's translated from this mortal earth.

But who should envy his more happy state?
Why wish him here to bear the ills we have?—
No—bow obedient to the will of Fate;
His cares are buried in the peaceful grave.

'Tis

'Tis not the dead—the living I lament——

'Tis not the blest—the wretched I deplore ;—
Our joys precarious—his is sure content ;
We have to die—but he can die no more.

Not for the son, the brother, friend, that's gone,
My Muse with unaffected sorrow mourns ;
She weeps the parent, weeping for her son,
The sister—Standish—weeping in their turns.

Suppress your grief—the sad, sad cause forget,
Ye wretched mourners give your sorrows o'er ;
Tho' lost for ever here, you'll find him yet,
He is not wholly gone—but gone before !

All this pretended concern had no effect upon Mrs. Dalton : her heart towards me was inexorable. By the entreaties of Mr. Standish and my aunt, who sent Mrs. Stephenson to her, she consented to see her daughter.—Serina went, but was very unhappy I did not accompany her. She hoped, however, when she had renewed the affections of her mother,

that she would vouchsafe to see her husband.—I waited with impatience the result of their meeting.—Serina told me that Mrs. Dalton behaved to her as affectionate as ever, and that she had no doubts but we would all in time be united and happy.

The time passed on more agreeably now ; while poor Serina endeavoured all in her power to make me happy. By her tenderness and assiduity my cares were somewhat dispelled, and I flattered myself with golden-days of prosperity.

Some months after our marriage, my wife became pregnant, and I was in hopes that at this critical time I should regain the affections of my aunt ; accordingly I paid her a morning visit ; but the servant having delivered my name to her, informed me
that

that her mistress was ill and could not see me. I confess that I was somewhat chagrined at this palpable denial, and on my return home, advised Serina by all means to pay her respects to her, and if possible procure my forgiveness.—She did; but her daughter being present, had no opportunity of mentioning my name.

As Mrs. Emmet, by the intercession of Standish, saw her mother almost every day, she now and then hinted how great her happiness would be, if once permitted to bring me with her; but Mrs. Dalton declined her request, at least for awhile, declaring that she had vowed never to see me; but that she could not tell what revolution in affairs Time might bring about; so recommended Serina to have patience.

One evening while my wife was there, my uncle paid Mrs. Dalton a visit; and not knowing who Mrs. Emmet was, seemed very much engaged both with her beauty and conversation. Mrs. Dalton being called away about her family business, my wife took this opportunity of mentioning me to my uncle.

“ You have a nephew (cries she) of whom the world speaks well of—a Mr. Emmet.”—

“ A scoundrel, my Dear—a block-head—he refused two hundred a year! —ah! it will come home yet—but throw pearls before swine, they are unnoticed.—I don’t know how he lives now: he has some money, they say: but what is got under the devil’s back will be spent under his belly—A good proverb that.”

“ But

“But now, Sir, that he has married, he will forget his follies and become more wise and industrious.”

“Married! out of the frying-pan into the fire!——Do you know his wife, my Dear?”

“Yes, Sir, perfectly; as well as I know myself. She is very desirous to be reconciled to you; indeed Sir, she will do all in her power to please you.”

“Harkee, my Dear——(but speak softly, Mrs. Dalton is in the next room)——What is her character?”

“Dear Sir, that is not fit for *me* to say—my *situation*, Sir, forbids——”

“Poo, you fool, I won’t tell Mrs. Dalton a word of the matter.”

“I confess, Sir, Mr. Emmet is a very good sort of a man, and there are few deserving him.”

“So,

“So, so, she is not deserving him.”—

“You mistake, Sir—yet excuse me, Sir—I cannot say she is deserving—but——”

“Oh, my Dear, I understand—— She is a good-for-nothing, *worthless* baggage—I know it—I would say so to her face—a flirting, gadding huffey! to run away from so good a mother, and be the ruin of a foolish boy.”

“Dear Sir——”

“Madam, I have no patience!—but I will be even with her too.—Though I understand Mrs. Dalton has vouchsafed to see her, yet I have enjoined her never to let her son-in-law enter her doors till I have made it up with him; which, between you and me, I never intend to do——No!—No!—No!”—

While

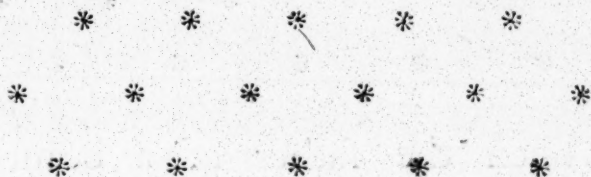
While my kind benevolent uncle was thus chanting his favourite monosyllable *No*, the servant came in, and addressing my wife, told her that her mother wanted her. My uncle stared; and as Serina, who was likewise confused, was withdrawing, he bounced from his chair and begged to know again *Who* wanted her?

“My mother, Sir.”

Serina having faintly uttered these words, left my uncle overcome with surprise. Mrs. Dalton (being in the mean-time in conversation with Mr. Standish, who was endeavouring to make all unity and happiness) assured my wife that if she could procure the forgiveness of my uncle, she would be happy to see me; but otherwise, as she had made a promise, she could not.—Serina returned to the parlour,
with

with fear and impatience, to supplicate my uncle in the most humble manner ; but he was gone.—She enquired of the servant how long ago he had departed. The maid informed her, that having asked a few questions about her, he ran away in a violent hurry.—Not knowing what to do, Mrs. Emmet came home to consult me. I confess that I was much agitated with her relation of the past, and advised her by all means to write immediately to my uncle.—She did, but there was no answer ; and though Serina, for the sake of seeing him again, often went to her mother's, yet my uncle, no one could tell why, never repeated his visits.—Thus passed on the tedious time : I was still kept in suspense ; and would have prevailed upon my wife to make a personal application

plication to my uncle, did not her situation; which could not admit of any alarm, forbid it.



When the time of Mrs. Emmet's lying-in approached, her mother insisted upon her staying with her during her illness. This, in order to make Mrs. Dalton a friend to the unborn child, I readily agreed to; though I thought it a hard mandate, that during this critical time I should neither see nor enquire about my wife. The latter part of this injunction, however, I disobeyed; thinking the disobedience would redound more to my character, when

when known to proceed from an uxorious affection.



When the father of a beautiful daughter, and that my dear Serina had recovered from her illness, I was considering where and how the christening should be; my presence being disagreeable at present to Mrs. Dalton, I never once flattered myself with the hopes of having it there. But Mrs. Dalton, not understanding the unaccountable behaviour of my uncle, went to him. She was received with blunt civility; and after communicating the new birth, enquired the reason he so suddenly deserted

ferted her house, and wished to know if it was his fixed determination never to forgive me.

He then made some remarks upon his last and only interview with my wife, and said that he had postponed a declaration of his intentions till he had known what God would send.

“ And so (added he) it is a daughter!—I am sorry for it.—Daughters are troublesome beings—Before they are mistresses of every accomplishment, Hang it! they must have twenty masters—to sing, dance, talk French, and use the needle.”—

Mrs. Dalton's patience being exhausted at all this prefatory nonsense, begged him at once to tell her what his intentions were, that she might consider herself how to act.

“ Oh ! (cried he) I can tell you what my intentions *were*.—I liked Serina—yes—she is a very pretty girl—indeed, too pretty for Jack—and I intended, had this girl been a boy, to have adopted the child and made him my sole heir; but this plan, I may say, is knocked in the head.”

Mrs. Dalton assured him that his plan might yet succeed, for that she had no doubt but we would have a boy; so begged him to come to the christening, and permit her to invite me. But such was the whimsical disposition of my uncle, that he declared if I were there he would not be present. It was his determination, he said, to punish me longer by non-forgiveness; and observed to Mrs. Dalton, that the best way of proving my sincerity to Mrs. Emmet, was by
keeping

keeping me still at a distance. Besides, (as Mrs. Dalton privately informed Serina) he had his suspicions that before the year and a day were at an end we should have a quarrel. If (cried he) they prove themselves deserving of the flitch of bacon, I may be then tempted to see and forgive.

Owing to this my uncle's romantic humour, I was prevented from being at the christening of my own child. This, I own, extremely mortified me; and notwithstanding all the tender prophecies of my wife respecting our future happiness, I began to be thoughtful and dejected.

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My aunt, whose late benevolence I so sincerely regretted, now died.—I own that I was much surprised at the sudden news; but she was an old woman, and Nature must have its course.—As she had been so good to me during her life-time, I had little or no doubt but what I was well remembered in her will.—This I already flattered myself; particularly as Mrs. Emmet met so favourable a reception from her—but sad reverse! I was entirely excluded.—To Mrs. Stephenson, her daughter, she left a considerable sum, and the remainder of her fortune to Mrs. Emmet, on condition she was left a widow, otherwise to her child, or children, equally divided; and if she had none, and did not die a widow, that it should go to the Lying-in Hospital.—Chagrined

grined at this malicious will, I returned home full of rage and envy; for being still ambitious, I was not at all satisfied with the humble salary I enjoyed, though the presents from Mrs. Dalton nearly amounted to three hundred a year. I therefore remarked to Serina that my good aunt had made *her* happy indeed! at the same time remarking in my own mind how my wife's charity was rewarded, and my infidelity most justly punished.

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I now proposed to Serina, that as my aunt had provided for her and her children in case of widowhood, that it would be our best way, when she was of age, to sell the reversion of

the twenty thousand; but Serina peremptorily objected, as she looked upon that to be the right of her children, and would starve first ere she would deprive them of it.

From this hour I became cold to my wife—an icy unaccountable indifference, subdued my soul; and home, as well as Mrs. Emmet, became hateful to mine eyes.—Oft did I repent of this hasty marriage—oft cursed the man, who, mistaking a reversion for an independent fortune, spurred me on to the union.—Yet, poor ill-treated Serina never upbraided my declining love; on the contrary, she endeavoured to keep my affections by her increasing regard and assiduity: but, mistaken fool as I was! this assiduity rendered her in my eyes more troublesome; and oft, on my return home
of

of a night, when she has ran with open arms to receive me, would I, fullen and disgusted, cast her off, and spurn her as my plague and bane!

Thus passed on the heavy tedious hours, while all Serina's delight seemed to be then her only child.—Mr. Standish at this time went to the country about business.—Mrs. Dalton was still tender and polite to her daughter; while I, as I seemed to be doomed for ever, was totally excluded the friendship both of her and my own friends.—This, and serious reflection, made me almost frantic—while therefore Serina spent her time at her mother's, would I endeavour to soothe my sorrows with a meditating walk.

One evening as I was indulging this humour, I met my callous uncle; and resolving to know the reason of his unkind-

unkindness, upbraided him for the want of feeling.

“ Is it not evident (I cried) by your behaviour to my wife that you have approved of my choice?—Why am I then denied to enter your house, where I flattered myself that I was once welcome?”

“ No, Jack, you were very troublesome, obstinate, and foolish; indeed you were.—I did not like you—you would not follow my advice—so I shan’t encourage your visits——No——No——A burnt child dreads the fire——A good proverb that.”

“ Well, Sir, if unwilling to entertain me at times yourself, Why am I prevented from seeing my mother?”

“ Why, Jack, she is an old woman, and were she to make all up with you, perhaps she might make a speedy
exit

exit and leave you something ; which, as I know your disposition, Boy, would keep you idle all the days of your life.

——Ah ! I have not forgot your refusal of the two hundred a year !”

“ Sir, I am ready to accept it now.”

“ Ah ! but Jack, you did not strike the iron when it was hot !”

“ Well, Sir, by my acceptance of one hundred, which is still less, I hope I have proved my industry and shewn my humility.”

“ Industry ! Humility !—Why yes, Jack, you can write and read, and are very capable of employment—pity you should not have it then—But as to your humility, pray don’t mention that—don’t make a merit of necessity.——A bird that can sing and wont sing, must be made to sing—A very
good

good proverb that.——Good day; I am in a hurry.”

“ Pray Sir——.”

“ What do you want ?”

“ I hear that you are also determined to exclude me in your will, and spite of all your promises, deprive me of even a shilling.”

“ Why, you extravagant young dog, do you think I would leave you all that I have been accumulating these twenty years, to be spent in twenty days—you that are so unwilling to work for a shilling, and so ready to spend a guinea——No—No——A fool and his money are soon parted—He! He! He!—A good proverb that.”

Thus my inexorable uncle left me; and from that hour I resolved neither to implore his favours nor accept his pity were it offered.

Mad,

Mad, enraged, and agitated as I was, I bent my steps towards home; and as the way which led to the garden behind my house was more rural and inviting, and seemed of course

“To bear a just resemblance to my fortune,

“And suit the gloomy habit of my soul,”

I went accordingly there; and without interrupting any in the house, (the door being left open) entered softly the back parlour, and throwing myself upon the sofa, gave vent to every serious thought.

A stranger's voice now alarm'd me—I remained silent and attentive—when behold, Serina and the stranger went into the garden!—

“Softly, (cried she) for Heaven's sake!—I would not for the world you should be seen.”—

New

New thoughts—new apprehensions struck me.—Roused at these words, I followed my wife and her supposed gallant. They walked apace towards the arbour which concluded the garden: thither I hasten'd too; but remained unseen.

Perhaps (thought I) my ears have deceived me; but my eyes cannot. I will see what they are about.

Behind a tree I sought concealment, where I had full view of the young man and my wife;—and oh! from thence beheld the fond couple embracing “with all the freedom of unbounded pleasure.”——I marked the man at a distance—he seemed unwilling to go; and Serina unwilling to leave him—at last they parted; but with the utmost regret.—

After

After my wife had been sometime in the house, I returned ; determining at present to seem ignorant of what I had seen, but resolving the next day to banish the fair culprit eternally from my sight.

On my entering the room where she was, I perceived that she had the child. This I thought an artful stratagem to make me think she was not otherwise employed. She pretended great joy on my return ; told me her mother had been taken ill that evening, but she hoped for her speedy recovery, and maintained little or no doubts but there would be a happy reconciliation.

To this I made no reply, but sat down in a desponding mood.—Serina, with maternal fondness, expatiated on all the little merits of her smiling innocent ; wondering that I did not join

her in her praises. She remarked how cold and indifferent I was to my own child.

—" *My own!*"—(echoed I)—

" Yes, Jack; the pledge of our love!"

—" *Of our's!*——"

" Heaven's!—(added she)—What is the reason of these repetitions?"

" I have heard my uncle, among his proverbs, say ' It is a wise child that knows his own father;' and this saying, I think, could be with much verity reversed: ' It is a wise father that knows his own child.'—"

Serina did not, or (as I then imagined) *would not* comprehend my meaning; but (and what aggravated me more) observed that there was indeed no similitude between me and the infant.

" Truly,

“ Truly, Jack, I won’t flatter you ; it is by far handsomer than you.—Poor thing ; look at it, how it smiles and laughs, Dear Creature.” —[and here Serina gazed at it for some time, and then continued] —“ I vow it is the exact image of one that I know.” —

This unfortunate speech added still more to my apprehensions—My emotions were strong, and of course apparent.

“ Why, Jack, What ails you ? (cried Serina)—Are you angry because the child is not like you ?——For shame—Girls, you know, will take after their mothers !”

“ Then would to heaven it had been a Boy !”

“ Good God ! Why do you wish so ?”

“ For *every* reason——my uncle wished it.” —

Serina sighed and wept.—She said, that for her part she was always content with what heaven sent, and begged me to follow the example.

Serina having now departed to give the child to the nurse, I went into the garden to walk by myself and consider my situation.—A thousand gloomy ideas occurred — At last, Imagination took such possession of my mind, that I no longer supposed, but *believed* my wife to be false, and the child another's!—Hatred succeeded all my former love, and I began to loath the mother and her unoffending infant.

To what a predicament (thought I) have I now brought myself!—Abandoned by my friends, and deceived by my wife!—To publish her infamy and my shame, would, I imagined, be only delight-

delighting my uncle, who would be happy in hearing of my misery.—Thus passed on each heavy tedious hour: the more Serina endeavoured to soothe my unknown anguish, the greater became my affliction; and resolving to leave home for ever, I went out in quest of some friend with whom I might consult.

But mine was no common complaint, and I feared to divulge the secret to any; conscious of the levity of youth, and well knowing that the subject of my sorrow is generally the cause of juvenile entertainment.

In the tavern, which every night I frequented, I happened now to meet an old gentleman, who in the course of conversation observed that he had an employment, attended with a very genteel salary, that required his attend-

ance in the different kingdoms at different seasons. This, not only on account of his years, but other weighty reasons, he would be happy in resigning for a place here. On my seeming satisfied to make the exchange, he entered more minutely into the particulars; informed me that to-morrow he was to set off for Paris, and on his return he should be happy to agree with me; but I told him it was my wish to settle now, and be his representative to-morrow. He was exceedingly pleased with my readiness, and willingly accepted my place of one hundred for his nearly amounting to three.

Mr. Groveby, who was the old gentleman, told me that his chief desire for staying in London, though a single man, was that his sister, whom he dearly loved, being in a doubtful state
of

of health, and lately left a widow with one child, a few months old, he wished to be as near her as possible, that in case of death he might provide for the poor orphan.

My admiration of this extraordinary goodness, was indeed great—Ah! happy infant, (thought I) thou wilt have a real good uncle.—

Having now settled with the old man, I enjoined him to observe the strictest secrecy, as it was my wish to leave London without the knowledge of even my relations.

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The awful hour came when I was to make my sudden departure.—With Serina I dissimbled all the morning.—She appeared unaccountably cheerful; and told me, that by some things which

which had lately happened, she hoped that her mother, notwithstanding my uncle's obstinate prohibition, would shortly see me.—I listened to all this flattering dream of domestic tranquillity with seeming attention, but little regard.—At last, to effect my departure the better, I advised Serina to go to her mother's again, and urge our reconciliation; praying her also to take the child and servant with her, as I wanted to write two letters of consequence, and therefore wished to be alone and quiet.—She acquiesced with my desire; and being now by myself, I made a bundle of my cloaths and other necessaries, then called a coach and enjoined the man to make haste, leaving on the table the following Letter for Mrs. Emmet, and putting the other into the Penny-post for Mrs. Dalton.

Mr.

Mr. E M M E T

T O

Mrs. E M M E T.

MADAM,

UNDESERVING as you are of my name, yet as the marriage rites have given it to you, I shall call you by it.—My abrupt departure may be deemed cruel; and, no doubt, you will publish me as inconstant and unworthy of your love; but all who hear the cause of my resentment, will not only excuse the part I have acted, but attribute to you the violation of *that* love, and allow that *your* insincerity and dissimulation were the cause of mine.—You may say, indeed, how have I offended?—how deserved this treatment?—Oh! artful, false, ungrateful woman!—though attempt-
ed

ed to be hid, thy guilt is not concealed.—Recollect the garden!—the bower!—Recollect when thy paramour, all attention and love, bade thee farewell!—How was he embraced when embracing!—how secretly admitted!—how privately dismissed!—Oh heavens!—but I have done.—All who are possessed of the least tender feelings cannot blame my present conduct—the fault begins with you.—What man would live with a wife that smiles in his face and betrays him behind his back?—None but the shameless, the most shameless of husbands, who have either married for money (a gift which I have been denied) or *have been* married for convenience.

To those who may call me an unnatural father, I shall only say how could I love the infant which I am
sure

sure was not mine?—But wherefore doubt it? you may ask.—If what I have seen be not sufficient to answer this, I shall beg leave to refer to your words—“There is no similitude between *me* and the child—it is by far *handsomer*—it is the exact image of *one* that you know.”——One!—What *one*?——Why should it be more like *that one* than me—the *nominal* father?——Oh obvious guilt!—but I will trouble you no more; nor even your mother, whose promised forgiveness, is, you say, so near;—but as she has so long refused to see me, she shall never now:—and as for you, the last advice which I will vouchsafe to give you, is, that as I mean to forget you, no more think upon the undone wretch whom you have rendered so——your husband,

EMMET.

FROM

FROM THE SAME

TO

Mrs. D A L T O N.

MADAM,

KNOWING too well the caprice and cunning of a woman, I take this method of acquainting you with the reason of my thus leaving, for ever, Mrs. Emmet; lest she, who has deceived her husband, deceive also her mother.—She is my wife, I confess; therefore I expected that affection and conjugal fidelity which is the characteristic of a good one.—But her heart, I have discovered to be another's, and her love for me dissimulated; of course she has no claim to my future attention.—If, upon your examination, she denies this charge, make her acknowledge

knowledge who was the young man in the dark-coloured coat, whom she embraced again and again in my garden.

I know you will say, Madam, that I have been the author of my own misfortunes, and that it was without your knowledge (of course your consent) that this marriage was consummated.—I confess my fault and rashness; and will also confess, that not your daughter but a supposed fortune was my aim.—The twenty thousand pounds, which now I understand depend on the death of her aunt, I thought would have been her's when of age.—Yet, notwithstanding this disappointment, notwithstanding my repentance of this marriage, I *did* love my wife, and it is *her* fault now that I hate her.

It is in vain to make any enquiries about me, for I will neither attend to entreaties, nor see my wife again.—Taught by that uncle, to whom *you* have been so obedient in respect to me, I will be callous and inexorable too; and as I know it is impossible for Serina to justify her innocence, I will endeavour to seek happiness without her.

You, Madam, have been long considering whether or no you should see me—there is now no occasion.—I am determined that neither Serina, my uncle, nor you, shall, by personal application or letter, be further troubled by an unfortunate husband, an ill-treated nephew, and your son-in-law,

EMMET.

After

After I had finished these letters, I made the utmost expedition to leave London, which in a few hours I happily effected.

[Mr. Emmet here gives a full account of his transactions in Paris, Germany, &c. with some cursory remarks upon his different journeys; all which, being but little connected with his Story, and too tedious for transcribing, are omitted—the reader is to suppose a few months have elapsed, and Mr. Emmet thus proceeding]

'Midst my career of pleasure and business, a letter from London, directed to me with a female hand, was delivered me.—I supposed it to be from my wife; but wondered where she got my address. However, on

perusal of the letter, the contents not only surprized, but discovered every thing.

Mrs. E M M E T

T O

Mr. E M M E T.

U NKIND and cruel!—but I will not exhaust your patience with a detail of my misfortunes since your absence—only prove my innocence, which you have deemed impossible.—The gentleman whom you beheld with me in the garden was my brother, my dearest brother, who had miraculously escaped the cruelty of the waves.—No crime, I hope, to embrace a brother with unaffected tenderness. If it be, I am indeed culpable; but my country,

try, even my husband, cruel as he is, will, I know, not only acquit me, but approve of sisterly affection.

—As on his combat with the raging waves he had lost all his papers which entitled him to his fortune here, he was determined on again going to the East-Indies, where he had accumulated the money, and renew his right to it. He had therefore resolved to remain while in London unknown, without even contradicting the report of his death; knowing that if his mother was apprized of his recovery and arrival, she would, regardless of all fortune, prevent his again departing. Impressed with this idea, he discovered himself only to me, whose marriage and name he had found out in a tavern; and enjoined me, on pain of never being forgiven by him, to conceal

what he had told me.—I promised; and I did.—In this situation, how embarrassed I was when on my return home I found and read your letter.—Alas! I cannot recollect what I said or did—I was senseless many hours.—Then my mother!—Oh God!—Not content was my husband to leave and abandon me himself, but turn even my mother against me.—My calamity was indeed finished, when I received orders from Mrs. Dalton never to see her more.—What remained for me to do?—I could not betray my brother—I could not attempt my justification.

At a time when I promised myself so much happiness; assured that my brother, on his return, would make all tranquillity and unity, this unexpected stab to my felicity, which
you

you gave, was doubly mortifying; yet I bore all with christian fortitude, and hoped that either my husband would relent, or Time acquit me.—Your uncle, who heard of your departure, came to me: he was better good-natured than I expected. He told me that this was nothing more than what he knew would come to pass; for he was well aware of your disposition. By way of consolation, he added, that you would assuredly forget me; especially if you grew rich—for “Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil.”—Alas! I became inconsolable; which he perceiving, began to curse you.—Oh spare him, (I cried) for he has deceived himself.—I then requested him to go to my mother, and plead my innocence; declaring that I would, as soon as possible, confess

confess the whole truth of all that occurred.

“ Ah ! Sir, (I continued) I am very unhappy—Pray then pity an unfortunate wife and a poor infant, now pining away through neglect, and on account of a mother’s affliction.”

“ I will do every thing for you, if you will do one thing for me.—I am determined to mortify Jack all the days of my life.—He married you for your supposed fortune ; he has left you because that fortune was not immediately in your power.—But now write him word, for I have found his direction out on purpose for you, (upon which he produced your address, given to him by a Mr. Groveby) that your aunt is dead, and the fortune is now your’s.”—

I was

I was confounded, and for awhile believed your uncle sported with my sorrow; but he soon corroborated the assertion, by producing an account of my aunt's death.

He now advised me, since my circumstances were so good, to go to the country, as he thought my health and the infant's required it. I promised obedience; and while we were thus talking, a letter from my brother, acquainting me with his success since his departure, and adding that he was now on his return, for which reason he gave me leave to confess the whole affair, and prepare his mother for his reception, gave me infinite pleasure.—I lost no time—I sent it by the hands of your uncle, enclosed in another, with a candid account of all that had passed.—The delight of my mother
on

on the receipt of it was inexpressible — She sent for me immediately — I hastened with pleasure. — But alas ! that pleasure was soon damp'd — the joy was too great for Mrs. Dalton ! — Her son's life ascertained, her daughter's innocence proved, were circumstances so happy, that all her strength was exhausted, and with the joy her eyes closed in everlasting sleep. — The scene was exceedingly distressing, and all my consolation was — that she died happy !

Friendless, Motherless, and I may say with verity, *Husbandless*, as I was, What could I do ? — Oh Emmet ! Emmet ! to what misfortunes did your absence expose me ! — But little availed complaints — My sighs and wishes could not waft you home. — I was therefore determined, according to
your

your good uncle's advice, to go immediately to the country.—I took my leave of Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, and as I promised your uncle never to divulge where I am, told them I was uncertain where I was going.

I shall no longer intrude upon your time—say only that you have accused me wrongfully, and I am happy.—Should my brother, on his return, hear of your unkindness, how would he rail against your cruel behaviour.—Oh Emmet, if this justification of my innocence can move your callous heart, let me, I beseech you, hear from your soon. — If I had no charms when I was poor, perhaps now, though worn out with affliction, I may by the possession of twenty thousand pounds, be deemed *agreeable*. If so, haste then to the arms of your
sad,

sad, forlorn wife, who is ready to bury all the past in oblivion, and receive you with a pleasure unknown before.

If your answer (should I be deemed worthy of any) intimate a wish to return, Joseph, your uncle's servant, will inform you where I am.—But I forgot—Your uncle, a little before my departure to the country, has prevailed upon me to make a will in favour of my child, for fear any accident might happen to me, and the poor infant be consequently forlorn.—I complied.—He was exceedingly uneasy that the reversion was not settled upon me; but said, if you staid away during my life-time, that the principal must go to the child, and the interest be towards her education.—However, were my husband to return, he should partake of all the money I am mistress of,

of, since his aunt has so handsomely provided for the little one.

As to your suggestion of the child's not being your own, I hope you will find that to be as groundless as my supposed falsehood. — Oh Emmet ! Emmet ! how simple you were !—Because the child, being a girl, could not boast of *your* features, which are large and masculine, you have disavowed it.—I will insist upon it still, that she is more like my brother than you ; nor is there any wonder, when he is one of the family.

Heaven be my witness that I have never in thought or deed committed any thing injurious to your honour.—Was it not cruel then, without having personally taxed me about my supposed inconstancy, to leave me thus ? and not only leave me, but turn even

my only friend, my mother, against me!——Oh Emmet!——but I have done.——It was my intention when I began this letter, not to insert one reproachful sentence—Forgive me then—Sorrow, like mine, will be guilty of many deviations.—But I hope, though cruel as my husband has been, that he will make the necessary allowances for the language of a wrong'd mother, and return again to his affectionate wife,

SERINA EMMET.

P. S. If you should be inclined to send an answer to this, (which I sincerely hope you will) pray direct for me to Mrs. Stephenfon, who lives in the same place.

I confess

I confess that upon perusal of this letter, a sudden tremor seized me. I was conscious of having wronged one of the best of wives, and knew not which way to make atonement. My friends, who were present, enquired my ailment, and promised me every assistance in their power ; but as I had lately endeavoured to forget my marriage, and had absolutely passed for a batchelor among them, I knew not which way to divulge, or how to disguise my sorrows. At last, (for it was impossible for me to conceal my anguish) I gave my Story as briefly as I could, except when tears of sorrow and contrition choaked my utterance.

The youngest part of the company derided my Narrative, and recommended another bottle of wine as the best cure for my affliction. But all

their unfriendly persuasions had no influence over me—My wife, my child, were still reigning in my thoughts.—At one time I resolved to hasten home, and throw myself prostrate at Serina's feet—Again, I resolved on writing to Mr. Groveby, and resigning my place—for to add to my misfortunes, I had about six months to remain where I was, ere I could complete my business.—But a gentleman, who had seriously attended to my Story, and did not, like the rest, with unseasonable mirth insult my distress, entreated my patience to speak a few words with me in the next apartment. Accordingly we left the sons of dissipation together; and when we were seated in a private room, Mr. Supple proceeded:

“ Your

“ Your Story has indeed given me more uneasiness than you are aware of—but no matter—*your* distress is to be more pitied.—That you have been in error, you *yourself* have acknowledged; and what can the greatest criminal do more than confess and be sorry.—I advise you, Sir, to write immediately to your wife; and promise, whenever it is in your power, to return and never forsake her.—I shall in a few days see London, and will, with your permission, visit your wife and infant.—Friendship is a task that I am always proud to undertake, and am never more happy than when I dry the tears of distress.”

I thanked this generous man repeatedly; for never, may I say, had I greater proof of sympathy and friend-

ship.—He called to mind my uncle's old proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."—Upon my effusions of joy and gratitude for his proposal, we returned to our company; he having promised me every assistance in my power, and I being alternately distressed and glad at the account of my wife's innocence.

The next morning I wrote to my wife, making all the concessions that humility and a consciousness of my folly could possibly dictate; and assuring her that I should count every day a tedious age, till I embraced her once more in my eager arms.—A few days after Mr. Supple departed with another letter, promising that as soon as he saw my wife, he would write and let me know his reception.—I waited

waited for two months with the greatest impatience, but neither heard from him nor my Serina again.

Letters from Mr. Groveby, acquainted me now, that ere my return, I must go to Flanders.—This, at a time when my absence was so much lamented at home, was indeed distressing.—I heartily repented of the travelling employ I had undertaken; but as the emolument was great, and in case of neglect, my character at stake, I was obliged to acquiesce. Accordingly I wrote again to Mrs. Emmet, mentioning the necessity of my stay longer, but hoping this tedious separation would make our meeting more delightful.—I then proceeded in my business.

[Mr. Emmet now gives an account of his being delayed in Flanders contrary

trary to his expectations—He quarrels with a young gentleman, who provokes him to a single combat—Mr. Emmet unfortunately wounds him; and discovers, upon the stranger's confession of his name and parentage, that he has wounded his own brother-in-law, Mr. Dalton, who being again shipwrecked on his return home, had consequently been delayed in Flanders to recover himself—The young gentleman sincerely forgives Mr. Emmet, and seems to think the misfortune proceeded from his own imprudence; but our hero is, notwithstanding, doomed to imprisonment, where he remains three years—He writes to Mr. Groveby, giving him a full relation of particulars and the cause of his confinement—Mr. Groveby returns answer that he is exceedingly
sorry

sorry for his situation ; but as the accident has proceeded from his own folly and impetuosity, he can do nothing for him.—The business therefore on which Mr. Emmet was employed is transferred to another.—Mr. Dalton, however, who on account of his late wound, remains still in a precarious state, procures Mr. Emmet's release by confessing himself the author of the quarrel.—Emmet after his liberation, is determined to stay either till the unfortunate Dalton (who is in a decline) perfectly recovers or dies—Notwithstanding all Mr. Emmet's sorrow and attention, the latter takes place ; when the young gentleman, after many injunctions to be remembered to his sister and friends, leaves him all the money that he had accumulated in the East Indies.—This
proves

proves to be some compensation for the many losses poor Emmet has sustained.

To add more to our hero's misfortunes, a severe fever, chiefly owing to his late confinement and the now sudden change of air, prevents still his return.—Among strangers in this unhappy state, surely the most callous would pity!—A miraculous recovery ensues; and as soon as his strength returns, he hastens to London, but on account of many misfortunes, too tedious for relation, eight years elapse since Mr. Supple's departure, before he arrives.—Mr. Emmet thus concludes his Story:]

The first place I visited on my arrival, was Mrs. Stephenson's.—Neither she nor her husband knew me;

me ; nor indeed should I have known them, had not the servant introduced me to them ; so great an alteration did Time make.—The first enquiry I made was about my dear Serina—But Oh heavens ! how great my surprise and affliction ! when hearing that upon the information of her brother's mortal wound and my consequent confinement, the poor creature died of a broken heart !—I was delirious for several minutes ; but recollecting my child, that was now about eleven years of age, I enquired about her.—Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson were silent for some time ; at last they referred me to my uncle ; assuring me that the old gentleman prevented them from taking her home, but that they supposed she was sent to a boarding-school at the request of her dying mother.—

mother.—No eloquence can express the sufferings of my heart.—Alas! I was inconsolable. — Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson prayed me to confide in them, and tell them all my Story; but this I declined: for, conscious of having wronged Mrs. Stephenson, I evaded a relation of facts which must surely have redounded to my discredit. —They begged me to stay for dinner, but I could eat nothing till I sought my uncle.—On searching for this old gentleman, I was told that he had left London with an intention of spending the remainder of his days in a tranquil and retired situation.—I now recollected the promise of Mr. Supple, and hastened back to Mrs. Stephenson to enquire about him.—She told me that there was such a gentleman, who had seen Mrs. Emmet before

before her death ; but being married to a lady of great fortune and family, he left London some months ago.—I then sought Mr. Groveby ; and as I understood that my uncle and he were together, hoped that I might learn something from him.—This old gentleman was, I thought, somewhat severe on me.—He upbraided me for my conduct towards my wife ; and declared, that had he known my situation, he should not have been instrumental to my departure.—I did not attempt any apologies, for I perceived that my *good* uncle had already completed my character.—I enquired ardently about my child ; but he would give me no other satisfaction than that my uncle had, before his departure from London, handsomely provided for her.

“ Sir, (cried I) my child is provided for already. She is the heiress to a good fortune, and needs no further assistance from an inexorable uncle !”

Mr. Groveby defended my uncle ; told me that upon Mrs. Emmet’s death, which was indeed very sudden, he proposed to him the education of the child, which he declined, because he had a niece to take care of already, Miss Armitage, the daughter of his sister, who died while I was away.— The gentleman perceived that I was very uneasy : he pitied my distress, but assured me it was out of his power to relieve it at present ; but hoped by the repeated enquiries which he intended to make for my sake, that he should discover where my uncle resided.

This

This promise was productive of some consolation for the present: but Mr. Groveby, upon future solicitations, either could not or *would not* divulge the secret.—I confess that I was, and am still anxious to discover my child; but, notwithstanding all my wishes and paternal feelings, I am kept in painful suspense.

Having by accident met Joseph, who lived with my uncle when in London, I enquired of him if he knew where his late master was?—He told me he was last summer in Bath, for the benefit of the waters; but believed he was now resident in Devonshire.—I then promised him a handsome reward if he would discover the boarding-school where my child was left.—This, he very fortunately did—But alas! the discovery only tended to augment my

fears !—My daughter was taken away by Mr. Supple, who had promised my uncle to take care of her.

Though I had no doubt of Mr. Supple's attention, yet I knew too well that if he should have a child of his own, a stronger partiality for his would naturally take place ; and as I did not know the disposition of his wife, I was apprehensive that mine would be then neglected. Impressed with this idea, I begged Joseph to renew his search, and promised him if he would find Mr. Supple for me, I would amply reward his pains—But alas ! no Joseph, no uncle, have I seen since ; no Supple, no child, have I discovered, to relieve my aching heart !

WILLIAM

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

T O

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

(In Continuation.)

I HAVE resumed my pen, notwithstanding the silence of my friend, and must confess that I am rather surprised at your not having answered my last.—What in the name of wonder possesses you?—During the two days that I had the pleasure of your company in Bristol, you were apparently well and agreeable—I can't say *merry*, Charles; for merriment has but a little share in your disposition.—Well, and what is the matter now?—Have you seen Elvira?—Is she cold and forgetful of

O 3

her

her promise?—or have you, lover like, fancied she has frowned upon you and smiled upon another?—But come, rouse from your lethargy; I have additional news to keep up your spirits.

Soon as I had sealed up Mr. Emmet's Story, I went down, according to my invitation, to breakfast with my new friends, though as yet unacquainted with their names and characters. On my entering the parlour I perceived an universal smile.

“ Oh, (cried the lady of the house) We have a better opinion of you than we had last night.—You have given us substantial proof indeed of your acquaintance with Mr. Emmet.—I assure you, though I have known that gentleman this sometime, he would never disclose to us his Story.”

“ Well,

“ Well, but (replied the old gentleman) is not there a substantial reason for it, Betty ?”

I did not comprehend this speech, nor had I curiosity to enquire; but making some animadversions on Mr. Emmet’s Story, I wondered how they had prepared a copy of it so soon.

“ Ah, young man, (answered the master of the house) Mr. Emmet’s uncle would have told you, ‘ Many hands make light work.’—There were my wife, my apprentice and self, as busy as bees.—You took notice, I suppose, of the different hand-writings.—We skipped the unmaterial parts, and a great deal indeed that related to us.”

—“ To You !”—

“ Yes, Sir—Nay, suppress your astonishment—When you hear our
names,

names, you will know that we are principal characters in the Story.—My wife, Sir, is the Mrs. Stephenfon, who was daughter of Mr. Emmet's aunt."

I never was so surpris'd in all my life.—Really, Charles, I looked upon myself as guilty of a very great *fauxpas* in betraying poor Emmet; but I enjoined Mr. and Mrs. Stephenfon to conceal the affair, and defended Mr. Emmet's character as much as I could.—They assured me very kindly that they would; and after breakfast, promising to repeat my visit again, I took my leave and went to the inn, after a *roundabout* search for Mr. Emmet, to return him his Story; meaning, after I had done with him, to renew my enquiries for the lodging I had

had taken, and like a fool as I was—paid for.

Mr. Emmet not being here when I came, I amused myself with the newspapers till I had seen him.—I gave him back his Story, assuring him that I was exceedingly interested with it; and repeated my promise of serving him if it lay in my power.—On this we shook hands.—He told me, that indeed he had been foolish in his juvenile days; and as I might have seen by his Narrative, has severely suffered for it. But, added he, my sorrows would still have an end, if I could learn where my child living or dead.—If living, she must be marriageable now; and could you, by every possible scrutiny, discover where she is, I should be happy to call you my son-in-law.

I stared

I stared at Mr. Emmet with no little astonishment; at last, informed him, that I should, as much for the sake of friendship as a wife, do all in my power to serve him; and though I made no doubt of Miss Emmet's accomplishments, I could not think of thus hastily accepting his proposal, without having seen and conversed with the young lady; at the same time, I remarked, my being a stranger in London, and totally unacquainted with his family; that consequently it would be more difficult for me to make the discovery.

“As to my family, (cried he) there are none remaining, except that uncle, (whose name I have thought proper to conceal, though unworthy as he is of my secrecy) who has from my infancy treated me with little tenderness.—

ness.—He looks upon me, I know, as a graceless nephew; and I have always esteemed him as a worthless man, from whom, I may say, I have derived all my misfortunes.—Besides, from a mistaken notion of modern honour, he looks upon me as a murderer—but, thank heaven, I acquit myself of this—Young Dalton was the offender and the challenger—My breast was as naked as his; and because success was my lot, why should I be the more culpable?—Since tyrant Custom has ordained these unequal means of deciding a contest, where is the extraordinary guilt?—Young Dalton would have succeeded if he could, and the attempt is as bad as the deed.—From my uncle, therefore, I can expect neither pity nor satisfaction—I have found better friends in greater strangers;

strangers; and hope to verify this assertion in you; for I cannot tell why—I was partial to your appearance. There is good-nature in your face, and therefore I have confided in you. —Alas! I am become weary of enquiry—Three years have I been in London, and still my agitation is the same.—But, Sir, notwithstanding your being a stranger, it may, and I know it is in your power to be of service.—I can give you the directions to the boarding-school where my child during her infancy was put, and the country-lodgings where poor Mrs. Emmet died.—Now, Sir, though they have refused me, the known husband and father, an explanation, I flatter myself that you may be able, being a stranger, to extort a confession.”

“ But

“But why (I interrupted) would they conceal from you, if they knew, the guardians of your child?”

“By the advice—the request of those guardians.—A father *can* demand his child.—This they know, and of course would lose the emolument of keeping her.—The fortune of Miss Emmet is very enticing.—I have hinted to you the parsimony of my uncle, whom I have described as a busy actor in this business.—He forewarn’d my departing wife of the will; and I make no doubt, but for his own private ends, extorted from her the guardianship of my child; therefore I wish to know how he has disposed of her.”

I promised Mr. Emmet to consider the best means of effecting his wishes. He therefore asked me where I lived, in

order to see and consult with me as often as possible.—I could not immediately resolve this question; till now, that I was sober, I could find them out; so telling him I forgot the street and number, promised to leave a card at the inn the next day.—We parted, after making many promises on both sides; and away I went in search of the *black door*. I had now sufficient cause for reproaching myself; not having, fool as I was, enquired my landlord's name.—While walking for half an hour, I thought I had found the street; but every door that I passed by was a mahogany colour, till I had reached almost the corner, and then four doors were altogether black, so that I was left to make my choice. However, a globe, which had escaped my recollection before, now assisted

assisted my memory; and the sight too of the young lady who had mentioned your name, removed all my doubts. — I knocked boldly — Miss opened the door; and after dropping a curtsy, told me that she had expected me last night—I candidly informed her the whole story — The young lady laughed heartily at my error; and for fear I might lose my home again, told me the master of the house (who was now abroad) was called Mr. Groveby.

Groveby! — I started at the sound — for recollecting Mr. Emmet's mention of him, I of course knew this young lady to be the niece.

“What! — His name Groveby! — Oh then, your's is Miss Armitage, I presume?”

She was equally surprized at my knowledge, and very bluntly interrogated me about it.—I was resolved, Charles, to take this opportunity of discovering your acquaintance with her; and told her, in my volatile way of talking, that her ardent swain (mentioning you) had often dinn'd my ears with her romantic name.

“What, Sir!—Mr. Fortescue talk of me!—Impossible!—He does not know me.”

This I thought exceedingly strange; and for the better probation of the matter, I insisted, and re-insisted that it was so.—Forgive me, Charles—You know its my way.

“Yes, my Dear, I am sure of it.—My friend has been dying with love for you.”

“Your

“Your friend, Charles Fortescue, in love with me!—Then he is an enemy to one of the best of creatures—my friend, Sir, Elvira Evans, with whom I correspond.—She, poor deluded soul, has been led to imagine that all his sighs and wishes are for her.—It is from her, Sir, that I have heard his name—for she has mentioned it two, — three, — four times in a line!”

“Indeed!—then she writes very comical letters — — — — —

‘Fortescue Fortescue Fortescue Fortescue,’

Four times in one line!—Very comical letters—to a Lady!”

“Oh, Sir, you are a wit.”—

“No, upon my soul, my Dear.—I am a fool—an Irish fool—that hopes to derive wisdom from you.—You

must not mind every thing I say—one half are lies—So, my Dear, when I am telling a very long story, don't believe a tittle of it; for though half may be truth, ten to one if it be the half that you think."

"Lord, Sir, you are the most facetious gentleman I ever met with."

Accordingly I was invited into the parlour, where we sat down *tête-à-tête*; (You see, Charles, what my sprightliness can do) and now, as I had not a little hurt your character in the eyes of Miss Armitage, I deemed it proper to proceed in your defence.

"Madam, I assure you Mr. Fortescue is a very worthy character.—He is indeed partially fond of Elvira.—What I was saying about him was a momentary frolic; for, as I told you
before,

before, I am a foolish, wild, unthinking fellow."

"And yet, notwithstanding all your folly, you tell a story with great plausibility.—But I wish to ask you a question."

"Twenty, Madam—I will answer them all immediately."

"Clever indeed!—for others can only answer *one* at a time.—Well, Sir, you said one half of your stories are not to be believed—Pray what am I to suppose now?—Is it that Mr. Fortescue (*vice versa*, as my uncle says) is a very *unworthy* character?—or that you are a *wise, prudent, thinking* fellow?"

"Ah, but Miss, you ought to remember that this rule was only in respect to my *very long* stories."

"Your

“Your very long ones!—Oh then I shan’t care about them—for I will only hear *half* of them out.”

I assure you, my Friend, that I never met so much wit and beauty in union till now—I was absolutely charmed with her—Nay, to confess the truth, I felt a sort of partiality for her which I never knew before.—We now entered into a very interesting conversation, after some cursory remarks upon London, the weather, and all the other old topics, which are most general among new acquaintances; and as *your* Elvira happened to be the subject, perhaps a communication of it may be very agreeable.

I enquired if she heard lately from her friend Miss Evans. She answered, that this day she had a letter, wherein
she

she thought she had seen you, but wondered much at the oddness of your dress and the cause of your arrival. —I candidly told Miss Armitage, that upon hearing she had gone to Dublin with Mr. and Mrs. Framp-ton, you had followed her, unknown to your friends and relations, for the sake of renewing your vows, and with the hopes of a return for your love.

“ Mr. Fortescue (added I) is of course obliged to stay in Dublin *incóg.* —and for the better concealing from his guardian that he has left the Temple for Miss Evans’s sake, he never goes out but in the evening, when he takes most particular pains to disguise his person by some out-of-the-way dress.”

Miss Armitage observed now that if your guardian, Sir Walter Headstrong,

strong, who is resident in Dublin, should take it in his head to write (as is very natural, she thought) to Mr. Fortescue, how were we to manage then to prevent a discovery.

I told her our plan.—That I had your leave to open all your letters, which were addressed for you at Peele's Coffee-house; and in case an answer were required, to write off immediately to you and enclose the letter; then, that in your answer to me, you should enclose another, as it were from London, with a later date, and addressed to your other correspondent, which I could put in the Post-office here, and make your relations still suppose you are in London.—She laughed heartily at the whimsicality of our project, declared we were notable adventurers, and well deserving success.
—I took

—I took the liberty, in my turn, to ask her some questions about Miss Evans; and wondered that after encouraging your addresses here, she was so averse to an union.

“The poor soul (replied Miss Armitage) has suffered more than you are aware of.—As you are Mr. Fortescue’s friend, I will not scruple to tell you.—Her mother, through the severity of many, many losses, is now melancholy mad—A pitiable sight indeed!—The generous Mr. Framp-ton, upon his being married, (a happy marriage! his wife being the heiress to a large fortune, for which reason he is obliged to use *her* name) has taken Miss Evans under his protection; and his lady, by all accounts, treats her with equal beneficence. — Our acquaintance commenced at school, where

where Miss Evans remained about a year longer than I; (for I am some months older) and was, upon the death of my mother, ordered home by my uncle, who wished me to take care of his house.—With the leave of Mr. Groveby, I had Miss Evans with me for a few days; and in the interim, learned as much of her story as she could possibly disclose.—I remember, Mr. Groveby chided me very severely for being too curious; so that our conversation afterwards became private.—Miss Evans does not remember her father; and on account of the dangerous situation of her mother, she was removed from a fond parent by the interference of a distant and only relation, who has behaved to her remarkably tender, and on whom all her dependance is.—Her unhappy mother's

mother's sickness now terminating in madness, she was immediately confined.—This distressing circumstance was intended to be concealed from the daughter, as well as her friends; Mr. Frampton thinking, that were it known, it might be the means of depriving Miss Evans of a good husband.—But this I looked upon as a frivolous reason: for the man who could reject my friend, because her unhappy parent is insane, must surely be himself a lunatic, and unworthy of her; therefore I do not hesitate to tell it, or let Mr. Fortescue hear it.”

I joined with Miss Armitage in respect to the unworthiness of the man who could object to Miss Evans on account of this misfortune; and was convinced that such delicate punctilios were not among the character-

istics of my friend. But still I admired Mr. and Mrs. Frampton for their prudence and caution; as I was well assured, that with *some* people the affair would be injurious to Miss Evans.—The young lady proceeded:

“ When a consummation of Mr. and Mrs. Frampton’s marriage took place, my friend, Miss Evans, upon leaving school, was received by the new-wedded couple as their own child.—It was now that Mr. Fortescue and she met—for being one day upon business for Mrs. Frampton, (which she undertook to do alone; indeed, for the sake of making a private visit to me) she was met by a gentleman, (his name she could not discover, but his person she would easily recollect) who, being smitten with her attractive charms, made an abrupt turn and
pursued

purfued her fteps.—This, to a young lady unacquainted with the ways of London, was really alarming.—It was too evident that he was following her.—She wifhed to avoid him; and for this reafon made feveral courts and alleys her way; but the man (whoever he was) took an advantage of the privacy of one place, and now abfolutely fpoke to her in a very abrupt manner.”

“ Madam, (cried he) I never faw a girl that has fo ftruck me in all my life.”

“ Strike you !”—(replied the poor innocent, who only heard half of what he faid)—“ Indeed, indeed, I did not *strike* you.”

“ Yes, Madam, you have with your charms.—I am in love with you;

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and must know your name and where you live immediately."

Miss Evans made no further reply, but being extremely frightened at the stranger's address and behaviour, doubled her pace—the man still followed, and was still speaking; but all unheard—for Fear, which had given wings to Miss Evans, deprived her of attention.—Mr. Fortescue was the first person now of any promising appearance that she met.—He saw her in distress, and perceiving the gentleman behind her, suspected that he had insulted her.—This, with pity and bravery united, he requested to know.—Miss Evans, happy that she had found a friend, but dreading an altercation, pray'd him to assist her, but not to hurt the gentleman behind her;

her; for the poor man, she said, was out of his senses.

It was now that Mr. Fortescue made an impression on Miss Evans's heart, by cheerfully giving his protection. — At first he believed the stranger to be really insane, and endeavoured by fair means to court his departure; but upon the other's insisting upon a peremptory account of Miss Evans's name and abode, a scuffle between the gentlemen ensued, and the fears of my friend naturally increased; which Mr. Fortescue perceiving, insisted upon seeing her home. — She accepted his proposal with thanks. — The other gentleman had still the audacity to follow them.

“ Good God! (cried Miss Evans) What shall I do? — He will, no doubt, follow us all the way; and when he

finds out my residence, persecute me continually."

Upon this, Mr. Fortescue turned about, and with calm fortitude addressed the stranger:

"Sir—What do you mean?—Why will you still haunt an unoffending lady, when you find her so alarmed at your appearance?"

"My appearance!—Young man, I *appear* what I *am*.—I wish to know who this lady is, and where she lives. — *Her* appearance is the cause, and I *will* know."

Upon this, Mr. Fortescue called a coach, and put the almost lifeless Miss Evans in it.—He then whispered the coachman his address; and turning about to the stranger, who stood all the while gazing at Miss Evans, demanded his name, and told him he should

should see him in the morning; but the other refused to inform him; upon which Mr. Fortescue, stepping into the coach, called him a coward, and swore that he would treat him as such if ever he met him again.—Mr. Fortescue now left my friend at home, and received the warm thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Frampton, who declared that Miss Evans should never go out by herself again.—They requested her protector to call often.—He did; and from that hour a reciprocal passion between him and Elvira took place.

Mrs. Frampton having now unguardedly mentioned the unhappy situation of Miss Evans's mother, my friend was exceedingly distressed, and wished much to see her; but Mrs. Frampton declared it was impossible

as

as yet; for her presence would only encrease the frenzy of her mother. She prayed her therefore to be patient till her recovery; assuring her, that till then, she should never want a mother while heaven would preserve her life.

Miss Evans thanked her kindly for her benevolence, but still remained unhappy on her parent's account. However, the poor soul endeavoured to find solace in my friendship; and indeed, I must confess, that at this time (as almost every day we exchanged our mutual promises) I thought myself most happy.—Ah me! A separation soon put an end to our felicity.—Mr. Frampton, in consequence of his lady's relations being in Dublin, determined upon residing there awhile, for the sake of an introduction to them.—

them.—Miss Evans (for on no account would they part with her) was now to accompany them; my best and only friend, of course left me; being previously informed by her relation that she should hear as often as possible about her mother.—I was indeed very melancholy when I lost her, and still continue so; for, excepting books, I partake of little or no amusement. However, my friend and I correspond regularly; but her mother remaining in the same precarious way, she has no thoughts of yet returning.—From this little sketch of her story, you cannot be surprised at Miss Evans's unwillingness to enter the connubial bands till she receives some satisfactory account of her beloved parent.

Thus

Thus concluded Miss Armitage; and though I have heard some part of the story from my friend already, yet I must declare her manner of delivery was so engaging and sweet, that I could not interrupt her in a tittle of it.

As by Mr. Emmet's mention of her uncle, I thought Miss Armitage was of course acquainted with that gentleman, I took the liberty of asking her—But how great my surprize, when upon hearing his name the young lady changed colour!—She told me that she *did* know him, but it was Mr. Groveby's command that she should not—for that her uncle cannot bear to hear of him.

I could not but think in my own mind that the old fellow was very inveterate against my new friend; of course I could never invite Mr. Emmet
to

to my lodgings, nor even mention his name in Mr. Groveby's presence.

Her uncle's entrance now interrupted further conversation. — Miss Armitage, in her humorous way, told him last night's mistake. — The old gentleman laughed heartily, and pressed me to stay longer in the parlour.

I assure you, Charles, that I never found a girl that pleases me so much as Miss Armitage. — She is smart and lively — My disposition to a T — Yet, notwithstanding all her gaiety, I perceive she has a tear of sympathy to shed for the distressed; and I make no doubt, as she has already proved her capability of Friendship, but what she is equally susceptible of Love.

I shall expect to hear from you, Charles, by the next post. — Be, I pray, as prolix and tedious as your friend.

friend. — I am anxious to know about Elvira — Poor creature! — I hope, as well for her sake as your's, that her dear mother may recover. — But why should *her* madness be an obstacle to *your* happiness? — I must think that her friend, Miss Armitage, has not quite unravelled that matter. — I am amazed too that a mother's illness could be so long concealed from a daughter. — Should you discover any sufficient reasons for these seeming improbabilities, I pray communicate them to

Your faithful friend,

W. JEFFERSON.

CHARLES

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

T O

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

DEAR JEFFERSON,

I Have received your favours with great pleasure, and read them with infinite delight.—But why wonder at my silence?—Surely, surely, you may remember when we met at Bristol that it was agreed between us, as you had no fair one then to engage your thoughts, that you should send me a minute account of every transaction that might pass either on your journey or arrival; but did not I tell you that except something very material turn'd out, or that any of your favours required a speedy answer, I would not promise to write.

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—It

—It is not the want of friendship, I assure you, but the want of time, which has caused this delay.—Oh William! my dear, dear Elvira, still reigns in my heart; and, till this morning, I could not discover myself to the all-lovely and bewitching maid. —I have now sat down with a determination to write a full account of all I have suffered since our last farewell. —Thank heaven, I still remain undiscovered; but whether I shall be able to escape detection till I have consummated my wish, is yet a matter of doubt.—Surely, Emmet, the hero of that affecting Story which you have sent me, had not experienced more trouble for the short space of time than your sincere but unfortunate friend. However, as “thus far success attends my wishes,” I will not repine,

repine, nor tell my story with sadness; only when I touch upon any misfortune, be thankful to heaven for my escape.—I felt for poor Emmet exceedingly, and read your account with great satisfaction—But alas! my Friend, that satisfaction was partly annoyed by your last favour—Elvira's mother! — her delirium! — Oh, William, this is distress which I must feel.—A relation of Elvira, I esteem as one of mine.—I wonder Miss Evans never mentioned the situation of her mother to me.—Poor thing, she was unwilling—nor can I, with any delicacy, intimate the least knowledge of the matter, yet would wish to sympathize with the unhappy daughter.—But I forgot—I promised a detail of my story—Pardon, William, my deviations, and accept it.

**ah* On my arrival ~~to~~ Dublin, mindful of the directions to Mr. Frampton, which I had obtained while in London, I hastened immediately towards the spot—Happily, William, it is three miles distance from my guardian's; so that I think there is little or no danger of meeting Sir Walter Headstrong there.—It was now my resolution to disguise my person as much as possible; as I well knew if Mr. Frampton met me, he would not only recollect but renew his civilities; of course my arrival would become public, and I could not possibly evade the notice of my guardian. — Ah! my Friend, Sir Walter does not know what Love is—His heart is cold and unfusceptible of the tender passion—How then would he rail at me for thus indulging mine, and forming

forming these romantic projects?——
 Would to heaven he was in love himself!—for then, if apprized of my arrival and the cause, instead of censuring he would pity, and attribute the fault where only the fault is due—to Love;

“ That great refiner of the human heart,
 “ The source of all that’s great, of all that’s good :
 “ Of joy—of happiness.——If ’tis a weakness,
 “ ’Tis a weakness which the best have felt—
 “ I would not wish to be a stranger to it.”

Having now disguised myself, according to your advice, and the darkness of the night being favourable, I was resolved to attempt an interview with my dear Elvira, discover myself, and the cause of my arrival: but in vain I stood before Mr. Frampton’s house. For a few minutes she appeared at the window; and then,

alas ! by my endeavours to elude the suspicions of others, I escaped her notice ; though sometimes I thought I had attracted her eye.—I had no alternative now but to send some confidential person to the house ; entering therefore a small cottage, which lay at a distance, I enquired if they had any knowledge of Mr. Frampton and family : the answer was in the affirmative. I then begged them to send a note to the house, and wait the answer ; and, to make their compliance more cheerful, took some money out of my pocket and gave it ; having previously written the few following words :

“ A gentleman just arrived, wishes
“ to see Miss Evans and deliver her
“ a verbal message from a friend in
“ London.”——

The

The hurry and confusion I was in, made me overlook all propriety.—I gave the note to a boy, and enjoined him to deliver it into her own hands ; at the same time commanding him to wait till she was ready, and escort her to the cottage, where I meant to stay till she came.—The boy delayed for several minutes.—I expected to see my dear Elvira ; and elate with this hope, endeavoured to suppress my impatience : but alas ! the boy returned without her.—He told me that he had obeyed my orders, and as soon as Mr. Frampton was ready to come with her, she would see me.—I was extremely confused ; and fearing the consequences of meeting them together, left the cottage immediately.—I could not forbear railing against the over-vigilance of Frampton ; who, because
she

she was once insulted in London, was now mindful of his protection. This care, to be sure, was praise-worthy ; but it being at present unseasonable, provoked my unavailing complaints. —I was obliged now to wait at a distance ; and alas ! my Friend, the dear Elvira and Mr. Frampton came together to the cottage.—No doubt they were surpris'd on hearing the circumstance, and my sudden retreat. They waited for some time there, but not being able to unravel the matter, returned again to their home.—Oh ! my Friend, never was I so much perplexed.—I followed them at a respectful distance ; and one time my dear Elvira turn'd about : no doubt but I would have caught her eye on this lucky—unlucky moment ; but, while endeavouring to give her a sign, Mr. Frampton

Frampton turn'd about too; and, spite of all my wishes and hopes, I was obliged to run away.

I was exceedingly vexed, and railed even against myself; but meeting the boy who carried the note, I was about revenging all my sufferings upon him.

“La! (cried the child) the lady and gentleman waited a full hour for you; and they were cross with me too, because they said I made fools of them: indeed they did not understand it: and my mother thought (I beg pardon, Sir—but I did not think so) that you were a rogue.—The lady was very much frightened; and the gentleman says she shall go no where without him, for fear of any danger; so they bid me, if I saw you again, to tell you that whatever message you had for the
young

young lady, you must wait upon her at the gentleman's house."

Never was I so much fretted and posed.—With vexation I returned to my secret lodging, (your friend's house, which you have recommended, and where you direct your letters to) and there endeavoured to think on some happy means to meet my dear Elvira—But Oh William! when thus embarrassed and distressed, we are apt to draw the worst pictures; and consequently I began to despair of ever consummating my wish.

Early in the morning I rose and repeated my visit; in hopes that if I should see Elvira alone at the window, I might discover myself with safety: but notwithstanding my agitation and vigilance, I could see no Miss Evans.

After

After I had done breakfast it began to rain most violently: alas! I thought the very clouds had conspired against me: but yet, notwithstanding their severity, I walked two or three times before Mr. Frampton's house.—The rain was indeed of some service—I had an evident occasion for the great coat; so that my being muffled up was by no means conspicuous.

About evening the rain abated.—I was now considering within myself whether I should knock at the door, and could personate a beggar with any degree of safety.—For a few minutes I flattered myself with the hope—But Oh William, I want your courage.—It was some time before I could prevail upon myself to approach the door; and even then, my spirits began to fail; and while I had the knocker in
my

my hand, my fear was so predominant, that instead of filling the character of a beggar, my hand trembling with the knocker, I announced the approach of a gentleman, and for the second time was obliged to retreat; nor did I even delay at a distance to see who came to the door.

I was however resolved to make another attempt before this day expired.—My only wish was to convey a letter to Elvira; and this was undoubtedly a hazardous essay.—A female was the only messenger that I could now send.—You know where I lodge there is a remarkable blind woman, who notwithstanding the loss of her sight, can find her way to any house that is mentioned.—This woman I looked upon as the only fit person for my purpose.—I was determined to
write

write the letter in such an ambiguous manner, that nothing could be made of it if it fell into wrong hands ; and as this good woman never saw me, of course she could not describe me, nor even tell my name, as I go by a borrowed one.—But the task was now how to write this letter ; for only my dear Elvira was to understand the meaning.—This cost me a great deal of time as well as paper ; for I wrote several copies before I could please myself. At last fix'd upon the following :

“ A Fortune-Teller presents her best
 “ respects to Miss Elvira Evans ; and,
 “ not for the sake of any emolument,
 “ but her own satisfaction, informs
 “ her, that she has discovered by a star
 “ which appeared over her head last
 “ night when she took a walk to a
 Vol. I. S “ cottage

“ cottage about a few yards from her
“ house, that there was a young lover
“ who had just crossed the water for
“ her sake, and was waiting with the
“ greatest impatience to see her. His
“ situation is rather embarrassing, as
“ (*the star adds*) he does not wish to
“ see any one but Miss Evans.—For-
“ tune has disappointed all his at-
“ tempts as yet; but he hopes his
“ next scheme will be more effectual,
“ and that the jilt to whose blindness
“ he is indebted, will prove herself his
“ friend, and accelerate his wishes.”

Surely, William, I had just reason
to hope that by this scheme I would
succeed: yet Fate ordained it other-
wise.—I went with the blind woman;
and after conducting her almost to
the house, gave her a lesson, and then
concealing myself a few yards off,
waited

waited the result of her message. But the bearer of this unhappy scroll, asked for the young woman of the house; and unfortunately Mrs. Frampton appearing, my messenger, on account of her blindness, gave the letter to *her*.

“Why, Child, this is directed for Miss Evans.—She is abroad at present with a friend: but stay, I will give you an answer if it needs any.”

Mrs. Frampton read the letter, and exclaiming against the contents and the bearer, told her she would not for a thousand guineas shew her the infamous scroll, for fear of alarming her.

“Fortune-Teller! (echoed she) I will have your mother, or whoever she is, taken up immediately—It is a scheme to ruin my dear friend.—

S 2.

What?

What? Are you in confederacy with any rogue?——Yes—I see it—it is evident.——Are you the jilt *to whose blindness he is indebted?*——I suppose so.——Where does this Fortune-Teller live? I want to see her.”

The poor woman, alarmed at this peremptory behaviour, gave a very distant direction and left her.—After she had imparted to me the substance of their discourse, I could not forbear again railing at the malevolence of Fortune; for I plainly perceived that Mrs. Frampton, out of her great regard for Elvira, would not communicate the letter; of course the inefficacy of this project was already perceptible.—I returned to my private lodging with great discomposure: the uneasiness I felt is inexpressible.—Thus, by the care and vigilance of Mr. Frampton,

ton, and the love and prudence of his wife, it seemed to be the destiny of Fate that I should never see nor speak again to my dear Elvira.

Thus passed on this day: but the next morning, resolving to release myself from this painful suspense, I took my stand before Mr. Frampton's house, and there determined to remain till I had either seen Elvira, or by some means or other apprized her of my presence.

Two tedious hours expired before I had even the most distant prospect of hope. Now and then Mr. Frampton appeared at the window, and by endeavouring to evade his notice, I lost several, several opportunities of seeing Miss Evans. At last, my Friend, one lucky moment glanced a ray of relief—Elvira saw me!—She did, my Friend,

and starting back with apparent surprise, seemed much to doubt that I was Charles. — She disappeared. — I naturally supposed that she was contriving some means to come out to me; therefore walked on with anxious expectation. In a little while a servant maid came; and not being sure she was commissioned by Elvira to speak to me, I still walked on, but slowly. The maid overtook me; and she having her doubts too, we seemed to understand one another's business, but still were turning about with apprehensive anxiety.

Betty (for so she is called) at last spoke to me.

“ Pray, Sir, Is your name Charles Fortescue ? ” —

I hesitated —

“ Why, my Dear ? ” —

“ My

“ My young mistress, Miss Evans, thought she knew you, (for she has often remarked you through the window) and has requested me to ask you the question.”

It was all I wished; and immediately putting a piece of gold into her hand, to secure her fidelity, confessed myself; enjoining her to keep still concealed my arrival, as my ruin would be inevitable if Sir Walter, my guardian, knew it.

Betty told me now she would return home, and acquaint her young mistress with the happy news; for (added she) Miss Evans has been often wishing to see you; and I know her little heart, which is now in agitation, will dance with joy when she is certain of your arrival.

But

But ere she left me I enquired were there any means of seeing her to-day without the knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Frampton ?

“ That (continued Betty) will be easily contrived.—My master and mistress are going out about twelve o'clock to ——— ; where, by the distance of the place, it is impossible for them, I think, to return till three.—Timothy, the servant man, attends them. — There will be then no one but Miss Evans and I in the way ; and if you please, we shall be upon the *look out* for your coming.”

I applauded this contrivance a thousand and a thousand times ; and having sent with her my Love (repeatedly given) to my dear, dear Elvira, I waited with the utmost impatience for twelve o'clock.—Every minute appeared

ed tedious ; and, like a true lover as I was, I took my stand some time before ; when perceiving a carriage at the door, I naturally concluded that Mr. and Mrs. Frampton were going.—Now my dear Elvira came again to the window : she expressed the greatest pleasure at seeing me through the envious glafs ; and I, with equal rhapsody, returned her signals of delight with unaffected transport.—Yes, William, I forgot where I was ; and breathing forth some sudden exclamations of joy, a few chairmen who stood at a distance, burst into a loud laugh ; and for fear I should become the scoff of the mobility, I deemed it my best way to retreat again for a few minutes.

When I thought it prudent to return, a most unseasonable and cruel misfortune still delayed my happiness.

—A Mr.

—A Mr. Norfolk, who has frequently dined with me at my guardian's, met me.—Soon as I had caught his eye, and perceived my danger, I went to the other side and endeavoured to avoid him.—But, was there ever any thing so unfortunate? especially at such a time as this, when my dear Elvira was waiting.—He followed me, called several times after me; but I was still obstinate, and would not answer to my own name.—For awhile I had a great mind to give him a *French leave*; but *that* I imagined would be convincing him of what perhaps he doubted.—He was, however, resolved to see me again, and be assured of the truth.—Perceiving this, I walked exceedingly fast, and he of course doubled his pace, with hopes to overtake me.—I had no other notions now but that I
would

would be discovered, and was inclined at intervals to confess myself at once, and depend upon his secrecy : but still I wished to shun him ; knowing that if it came to the worst, I could as well then put his friendship to the test.— Happily now there was a dark alley on my right hand, which I deemed my best and safest retreat : down this I was resolved to go : but Mr. Norfolk still continued his pursuit. Here at last he came up to me.

“ Sir, (cried he) I beg pardon—Is not your name Charles Fortescue ? ”—

“ No, Sir,” (I cried, in a hoarse voice, and keeping my back to him) —“ My name is Joseph Anderson.”

“ Joseph Anderson !—(echoed he) —I beg pardon—but your face and walk were so like a gentleman of my
acquaint-

acquaintance, that I could have sworn it was he."

Still Mr. Norfolk had his doubts, and was very anxious to see my face again.

"Pray, Sir, What are you?—Perhaps I may be of service to you; and on account of your similitude to my friend, I should be very happy to assist you."

"Thank you, Sir—I am a Painter."

"A Painter!—so well—'Egad I want my house to be painted.—Pray walk this way, Sir—A few yards off, and I shall shew it to you."

"Sir, (I cried, with no little vexation) I am a Miniature Painter"—and here I endeavoured to leave him.

"Sir! Sir! Sir! I say—Pray look in my face, and tell me if you could take a good likeness of *me*."

"To

“To be sure—to be sure.”

“But look—look——Why, Mr. Joseph, you must look.”

Oh, my Friend, he held my coat just about the time when we came to the end of the alley, where there was no darkness to screen me—I never was so embarrassed, so confused; but determined that he *should not* see me again, I begged his pardon, said there was a man at the other side of the way whom I wanted to speak to, and requesting him to stay till I came back, broke loose, and immediately taking to my heels, left him without hearing his reply.

I assure you, my Friend, that it was near two o'clock before I was liberated from the troublesome curiosity of this Mr. Norfolk, and had reached the house of Mr. Frampton, where my dear Elvira was waiting for her Charles

with exhausted patience.—On seeing Betty at the parlour window, I waited at the door for admittance.—This faithful domestic soon let me in; and Miss Evans received me with a cordial welcome. She would have chided me for delay; but by telling her the truth, I made my apology.

“ Ah! (cried my dear Miss Evans) I rejoice to see you.—I thought it was you; for I had seen you before through the window.—Oh Charles, it is a proof of your disinterested love, and I know myself unworthy your favour.—But believe me, Charles, that the joy I feel, is partly diminished by the secret manner, and that vile habit in which you are obliged to appear.”

“ Oh! my Elvira, think not of the danger, of the manner, or my dress.—This happy interview compensates for every

every inconvenience; and if my dear Miss Evans will consummate my happiness, I shall defy all future evils."

But she was silent—she answered only with tears. — Something she uttered imperfectly of being dependent and having no fortune; but as I now understood, the feelings for a Mother contended with those for a Lover, I did not deem this a proper time to urge my suit, and only begged leave to see her as often as possible.

Every morning, Miss Evans told me, she takes a walk in the garden; and there being a private way behind the house, which leads to the bottom of it, we can see one another without the knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Frampton.

Alas! my Friend, the time of our conversation was short.—This happy

hour passed away on fleeting wings.— We ran the hazard of an additional half one; and then, though we fain would have delayed longer, yet fearing the return of Mr. and Mrs. Framp-ton, were obliged to part.—A short interview indeed!—I had not near sufficient time to say half of what I wanted.

Oh, my Friend, for my sake and Miss Evans's, enquire further about her mother; discover still more from Miss Armitage relative to her unhappy situation, and see that there is proper care taken of her. I will endeavour to return your kindness whenever in my power.

Have you never seen the people since, with whom you travelled?—Your account was so humorous, that I own myself not a little interested
about

about these strangers——Mr.—Mrs. Moreland, &c.——I make no doubt but you will meet them again, and should any thing new occur, I hope you will communicate it.

I think my friend writes *feelingly* about Miss Armitage.—You have expressed no little admiration of her charms and manners.—Pray heaven, William, that the sly urchin Cupid, may serve you as he has served me!—But you have often told me your heart was inflexible.——Ah! my Friend, we cannot conceive what we do not feel.——I remember well, how with sarcastic humour you have rallied the honest passion of my heart; but I forgave you. I knew the time would come, when, if I pleased, I might return the jests: but this I think cruel—It is my nature to pity, not triumph

over distress.—Believe me, I shall rejoice to hear that my friend is in love; and that Louisa, who *must* be his choice, is as kind and sincere as my Elvira.—But where is the doubt of that?—She is the friend of Miss Evans, and

“ Their affections too

“ Must be united, and the same as they are.”

Adieu.

C. FORTESCUE.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Esq.

T O

CHARLES FORTESCUE, Esq.

I Affure you, Charles, that notwithstanding my regard for you, I could scarcely read your favour with any degree of patience.—Pity!—for what!—Indeed, if you had not seen your Elvira, or if she had been cold, or married, then there would have been room for complaint; but as it is, where was the occasion for all your prefatory grief?—By the introduction of your story I thought you were ruin'd past recovery; instead of that ———. But its the way with all lovers: they are continually making mountains of mole-hills.—

hills.—Poor Charles, I *do* pity you indeed, for being so very inanimate.—Had I been in your situation, instead of comparing my *nondistresses* (as I may say) with poor Emmet's, I should have written a rhapsodical epistle, full of romantic thoughts and bombastic joy.—But come, I must not be *too* severe—your wit deserves commendation.—The Fortune-Teller was a good thought, Charles, though it failed.—It would be a pity not to employ such a fertile genius; therefore I have enclosed you a letter, just received from your guardian, which I think will cost you some of your wit to answer.

I know a long letter is at present unreasonable; therefore I shall drop the pen: besides there is a pressing reason—Miss Armitage.—You understand.

——When



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